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## GENERAL NEWS.

The president has decided that he will be unable to go South this year.

The Nebraska corn crop is estimated at 150,000,000 bushels, and worth \$37,500,000.

Capt. Brooks was murdered in his yacht Chispa, off San Francisco, by two pirates.

This year's income in Oregon from grain, hops and wool is estimated at \$14,000,000.

The American flag will be raised over San Juan, Porto Rico, with elaborate ceremonies.

Richard Malcom Davis, Southern novelist and educator, died in Baltimore, aged 76 years.

The agitation in Jamaica for annexation to the United States has almost provoked violence.

Sir Arthur Curtis, an English baron, is reported to have been murdered in the Klondike.

Iowa towns along the Mississippi river report the water lower than at any time since 1861.

An old Georgia law requiring negroes to ride on the three rear seats in street cars, is being enforced.

A congress of mothers, under the auspices of the national organization, will be held in Omaha this month.

Andrew Adams, formerly a newspaper reporter at Providence, R. I., is to marry Princess Kalulani of Hawaii.

The gunboat Yorktown will go into commission at San Francisco in about two weeks and will be sent to Manila.

The Filipino chiefs have made a plea to the European powers for recognition of belligerency and independence.

Dairy products sold in Kansas last year were valued at \$5,000,000, an increase of over 15% over preceding year.

Congressman Bailey, of Texas, formally opened the Democratic campaign in Indiana with a speech at Indianapolis.

All the coast lights of Porto Rico, except the one at San Juan, destroyed by the bombardment, have been relighted.

Uncle Sam is establishing coal-facilities for the navy along the Atlantic coast from Eastport, Me., to Port Royal, S. C.

It is announced in Madrid that 10,000 Spaniards in Porto Rico have refused to live on the island under the American flag.

Mrs. Julia F. Trout has sued Mrs. Barbara Frieh for \$10,000 at Buffalo, N. Y., for saying that she used pads to fill out her figure.

Unless Spain requests that Minister Woodford be returned to Madrid a new man will be appointed after the conclusion of peace.

To avoid going to jail as a chicken thief, James Hall, colored, has consented to be chained and saw wood for three days at Melrose Park, Ill.

The American military commission in Cuba has been instructed to notify the Spanish military commission that no further delay will be tolerated.

Two tea plates, each 200 years old, were recently sold for \$12.50 and \$6, respectively, at the old Satterhau mansion in Fallington, Bucks county, Pa.

The supposed remains of Martin Jansen, a Wisconsin soldier, who died at Pensacola, Fla., were found upon arrival at Green Bay to be those of another man.

John Pierman, in the Montgomery county (Pa.) jail awaiting trial for arson, has confessed to setting fire to 18 buildings in Pottstown from April, 1897, to August, 1898.

The absence in Europe of three European ambassadors to the United States has given rise to a story connecting them with the American-Spanish peace negotiations at Paris.

## After Many Days

When I was a young fellow I lived on father's farm, down there in Connecticut. You've seen the place. The church was near the tavern, and behind the church was the parsonage; and there lived Dominie Wheeler and his daughter Dolly. On Saturdays, after I had my supper, I used to dress myself, and tell my mother that I meant to call on Dominie Wheeler's folks. Mother generally answered that I couldn't do better; that the Dominie's conversation was sure to be improving, and that Dolly was not 'hity-tity, like some gals she could mention."

Father would add: "And a pretty little critter, too." And armed with parental approval, I would go to the parsonage.

It was a good time to go, for the sermon had to be finished, as a general thing, on that evening, and Dolly and I had delightful long talks in those solitary moments, and one evening I proposed to Dolly and she accepted me. The dominie gave us his blessing, father and mother said they could not have chosen a daughter-in-law to suit them better, and all they asked was that we should wait a little while.

"My daughter is not seventeen years old yet," said the dominie. "You must not be in a hurry to take her from me."

"Wait two years, and you will be three-and-twenty, and I'll give you the river farm and build you a house," said father.

Our course of true love seemed to be running very smooth, indeed, and I would have staked my life and soul, a pretty heavy stake, on my constancy. But, somehow, I think Satan thought we were too happy, and laid a trap for me.

Doctor Robins' widow, a managing woman with a big house, was in the habit of taking summer boarders, and every year a lot of city strangers wandered about the place from June to September.

When Dolly and I had been engaged about a year and a half, the widow had 30 boarders in her house, and Ike and Edwin, and all the male help slept in the barn.

There was one young lady there, a Miss Sally Grey, so pretty that every one who saw her was talking about it. And I was introduced to her. Some women have a way of making a man act against his better judgment. She was one of them. I did not mean to flirt with her, but I did. I did not mean to meet her in shady lanes, and in the quiet wood paths, but we met. She knew (I suppose) Ike Robins had told her) about the engagement, and she teased me about being afraid of my sweetheart.

"Such a good, prim little thing," she would say. "Is she dreadfully shocked at me? Does she think I am a flirt? Does she pray for me in meeting?"

I felt angry, but yet I was piqued into proving myself free to do as I liked. At a little evening party, to which we were asked, I danced five dances with her, and when, at last, my conscience smote me, and I went to look for Dolly, I found she had gone home.

"She said her pa wanted her," said Mrs. Robins; "but I tell you plainly, James Gardener, I don't believe it; and for my part, I don't see what people find to admire in that impudent New York girl. If my Tilly behaved like her, I'd shut her up on bread and water until she reformed."

I hurried away, but the parsonage was shut up when I got there, and I spent an hour walking up and down before the house, staring at the dark windows.

The time seemed very long till the next evening, and I went over to the parsonage very early, but Dolly was not there.

"She's gone to spend the evening somewhere," said the dominie, kindly. "I suppose she forgot to leave word for you to come for

her. She isn't very well, either; a cold, I suppose. I know I generally caught cold at a party when I was young and attended such entertainments. I hope she'll be careful. Her poor mother died of consumption."

My heart gave a great leap. I thought of Dolly ill, dying, even dead, and I went out into the kitchen to ask the servant if Dolly had left any message for me.

"She said she wouldn't be home tonight," answered Nora; "at least, this evening, I mean, and she did not leave word where she had gone."

Nora understood, I saw. I felt terribly injured, and I made up my mind to revenge myself by spending the evening with Sally Grey.

She was at home, the servant girl said, and I found her waiting in the parlor for me. We had it to ourselves. Mrs. Robins never came in, nor any of the boarders; indeed, it was now growing late in the season and they were almost all gone away. I never knew how to flirt before Sally Grey taught me how that night, and when I took leave of her I was impudent enough to tell her I should like to kiss her.

"Do it, if you desire," said she. And then! Yes, I kissed her; and as I did it the door opened, we started apart, and there stood Dolly. She had seen it all.

"I left my bonnet here," she said. "Mr. Isaac is going home with me, and I came to get it. Sorry to disturb you."

She was very cool and contemptuous. She tied her bonnet on at the glass; threw her little mantle over her shoulders, and went out. Next day she broke our engagement and sent me back my ring.

The next week I left home and went to sea. Some one had told me that Dolly was going to marry Ike Robins.

Mother wrote to me often and never mentioned Dolly, and I never asked about her. I lived with men, generally on the sea, and had no thought of liking or caring for any woman. I always intended to go home and see the old folks, but they died of a fever within two days of each other, and a stranger finally sent me the news.

Lawyer Dredgers saw to the estate, and did what I asked him to do with the money. I did not need it then, but it would keep me from being a beggar in my old age. And still I sailed the sea, until 40 years old an accident happened to me which came near being my death. It did not kill me or cripple me, but I was no longer fit for a sailor's life, and there was nothing left for me but to settle down on land and live on my money; and so I went home at last to talk to Lawyer Dredgers, and get his advice.

I felt very sad as I walked through the village. My parents were dead, no one remembered me; I had not a friend in the place.

The lawyer had done his best to make my money profitable to me, and I was richer than I dreamed. When all the business was over I took a moonlight stroll through the street. It was 20 years since I kissed Sally Grey, and lost my love by it; but nothing had altered in the outward aspect of the place.

People were sitting on their porches as of yore; the same flowers seemed to bloom in the gardens; the same loungers to stand around the tavern door; the same young men and girls to hang upon the garden gates. It was odd to think that the girls might be the daughters of those I knew.

There stood the church; there the parsonage. I walked toward it. The windows of the sitting room were open. I drew softly near and peeped in.

There was Dominie Wheeler, looking very much older, sitting exactly as he used to sit beside the table, his red handkerchief over his knees, a cup of tea in his hands. "Dolly," he said.

And from an inner room came

a woman, large, handsome and high-colored, who said:

"Well, father?"

Could it be my slim young Dolly. Yes, it was. She was very fine-looking now, and she looked so maternally that I immediately concluded that she was Mrs. Isaac Robins.

Still I could not leave the window.

"It was my one glimpse of her," I said to myself, "for years past and years to come."

"Well, father?" she said.

And turned smiling toward him. "I've been thinking it over, Dolly," he said. "I think it would be best for you to marry. I am eighty. I cannot live long. You had better marry Mr. Braham. He is very fond of you. You like him, I am sure. Is it for my sake you say no?"

She bent over him and put her hands on his shoulders.

"Father," she said, "I am going to tell you the truth, a thing a woman seldom does in these matters. I should not have to leave you; so it is not for your sake, much as I love you. But I do not care for Mr. Braham. I have only cared for one man in my life—my first love, James Gardener. I sent him away from me, and he had done very wrong; but I think now that we both loved each other. I know that even now, I cannot forget him, and that I shall never forget him while I live."

There were tears in her eyes; she brushed them away. In another moment I was at the door; she opened it. I held out both my hands. These were Dolly's girlish eyes that looked at me, and I caught her in my arms.

"I have come back to be forgiven, Dolly," I said, and I saw that I had not come in vain.

## Public Sale of Stock, Crop, &c.

By reference to handbills printed at this office last week it will be seen that N. B. Graham, of Gillmore creek, has rented his farm, and that on Saturday, the 8th inst., he will expose to public sale four horses, 18 head of cattle, a lot of hogs, 400 to 600 bushels of corn, his household and kitchen furniture, etc. Mr. Graham has purchased the residence recently built by J. Frank Murphy, of this place, and as he will soon move to Hazel Green he has no use for stock or crop, those who attend the sale, therefore, may buy bargains. The terms will be made known at sale.

## FOR ALL WOMEN

NINE-TENTHS of all the pain and sickness from which women suffer is caused by weakness or derangement in the organs of menstruation. Nearly always when a woman is not well these organs are affected. But when they are strong and healthy a woman is very seldom sick.



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THOS. J. COOPER, Tupelo, Miss., says: "My sister suffered from very irregular and painful menstruation and doctors could not relieve her. Wine of Cardui entirely cured her and also helped my mother through the Change of Life."





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## CHAPTER I.

There was more than one reason why Fanny McLane should not have accepted the Graftons' invitation to visit them at Fort Sedgwick. Perhaps that was why she never mentioned the matter to her sister, Mrs. Parry, until that lady surprised her in the midst of the packing.

"Where are you going, Fan?" was the query, half-aggressive, half-aggressive—the tone in which an elder often addresses a younger sister who has evidently presumed to contemplate some journey without previous consultation and consent.

"I? Why I thought you knew. Going to spend a week or two with the Graftons."

"The Graftons! Fanny McLane! You don't mean you're going to Fort Sedgwick?"

"That's their station," answered Mrs. McLane, with slight access of color.

Mrs. Parry had not yet seated herself. She was still standing at the open doorway, glancing quickly from trunk to trunk in the sunshiny but littered room. Now she took a step forward, hesitated one moment as she looked at the maid servant bending busily over a great Saratoga, and in dumb show intimated to her sister that she wished that open-eyed, open-eared domestic elsewhere.

But Mrs. McLane was blind to any signals. Indeed she seemed at the moment to find it necessary to supervise some of Annette's work, noting which symptom Mrs. Parry's scruples vanished.

"Fanny, you know perfectly well that's the last place on earth you should go to now, and Mr. McLane not a year in his grave!"

A redder spot burns in each fair cheek, as the young widow turns quickly and faces her accuser.

"And why not, pray? The Graftons are the oldest, dearest friends I have—at least she is."

"And Randy Merriam— isn't there. I suppose—nor his plain wife?"

"Mr. Merriam's whereabouts is a matter of entire indifference to me, as you ought to have the decency to know, Charlotte."

"Ought to be matters of indifference, I concede, but I have grave doubts as to whether they are, as you say."

"Then keep your doubts and suspicions to yourself, Charlotte," said Mrs. McLane, with brimming eyes and burning cheeks. "This is no place to speak of such matters," and the brimming eyes—which their owner tried hard to induce to blaze instead of brim—turn significantly toward Annette, busily packing and assiduously feigning unconsciousness, and then almost defiantly turn back to her sister.

"I know perfectly well what you mean, Frances," responds the elder, and when "Charlotte" and "Frances" were adopted instead of "Lot" and "Fan" it meant that the sororal relations were more than strained.

"I gave you every signal ingenuity could suggest, but you wouldn't see. You didn't want to see, because you thought that"—and here Mrs. Parry indicates the kneeling Annette with a nod of her very stylishly coiffed head—"that would keep me from speaking. But this is a case where duty cannot be neglected. Fanny, are you in your right senses?"

"In every one of the seven, Charlotte, and I don't mean to listen to abuse. You know perfectly well Dr. Mellon said I needed change."

"Well, then, go to New Orleans, go to Bermuda, go to St. Augustine—go to St. Petersburg. Fan—anywhere on earth rather than Fort Sedgwick—anywhere under heaven except where Randy Merriam happens to be—unless you would have me believe you lost to—"

But here, with solemn mien, enters the male biped who officiates as butler, hall boy and major domo at the Clarendon flats—a card upon the salver in his pudgy hand, and Mrs. Parry nearly chokes in the necessity for sudden stop.

"Ask Mr. Swinburne up," says Mrs. McLane, promptly, barely glancing at the black-bordered card and evidently glad of the interruption. "Now, Charlotte, not another word, unless you wish me to show how indignant I am to every visitor who comes in," and Mrs. McLane is busy bathing her flushed cheeks already. "How does my hair look?" she adds, turning inquiringly toward the defeated elder, sure that whatever cause of quarrel there may be, that, at least, is subject for truce.

"Your hair is all right," responds her sister, with marked emphasis and as marked a sense of baffled purpose. "I wish the rest of your head were as well balanced. You don't expect me to see Mr. Swinburne, I suppose?"

"Mr. Swinburne certainly doesn't expect to see you. He is coming mainly on business."

"You might far better listen to his business, as you call it, even this soon, than go near Randy Merriam."

"Charlotte, I will not listen to you. If you cannot stay here without insulting me with every other word you would much better go home and stay home until you can speak—sensibly." And with this Mrs. McLane darts past her sister into the passageway, and so on to the parlor front of her suite of apartments, just as the little electric indicator tells that the elevator has stopped and that some one is at the entrance door. It is Swinburne, a well-preserved, mutton-chop whiskered, carefully-groomed fellow of 45, and Swinburne bows delightedly over the slender white hand of the pretty and youthful widow and disappears with her within the cozy parlor.

"How long has Mrs. McLane been packing?" asks Mrs. Parry, presently, of the maid.

"How long, mum? Oh, two or three days only, though we got down the trunks, mum, on Wednesday last," is Annette's reply.

"Four trunks and four days' packing to spend a week or so at a frontier post," says Mrs. Parry to herself, with increasing wrath. Then turning, she sweeps through the hallway with the mien of an offended queen, passes the parlor door with barely a glance at the bright, cheery interior, lets herself out with a snap and a slam, and stands angrily tapping her daintily booted foot on the rug in front of the cage until the elevator noiselessly answers her signal and then lowers her to the mosaic pavement of the ground floor. "To Mr. Parry's office," she says to the coachman, as she enters the waiting carriage, and is whirled rapidly away down the avenue, past the dancing waters of the lake.

"Ned," she cries, 20 minutes later, as she precipitates herself into Mr. Parry's ground-glass citadel at the rear of the big office, "what am I to do? Fan is actually packed and ready to start for Fort Sedgwick—where Mr. Merriam is stationed!"

Ned turns slowly toward her, trying not to show in his deep-brown eyes how pleased he is at the sight of his handsome helpmeet. "The first thing you have to do, Mrs. Parry, when you come to this office for advice is to pay the customary retaining fee," he responds, as he takes her carefully-gloved hand in his and bends forward for a kiss. She recoils, pleased, yet provoked. He should have been startled at her revelation, even though he did wish for her kiss.

"Is that the customary retaining fee, sir?" she asks, demurely, forgetful for the moment of the portentous news she brings. "I heard you had quite a number of feminine clients."

"So many that my partners find it difficult to straighten out their accounts as I do their stories. Pardon me, Mrs. Parry, did you say I was retained? If so," and the junior member of the distinguished firm of Grafton, Rayburn & Parry again bends downward toward the glowing face.

"You're absurd, Ned, if that's what you mean," replied Mrs. Parry, secretly delighted at the lover-like ways of her lord. "I've a mind not to pay—anything. You shouldn't charge members of the family."

"I don't," he answers, reflectively, "in all cases. There's Aunt Mildred, for instance, and Aunt Charlotte and grand-ma, but you and Fan now—"

"Fan! Why should she k—consult you?"

"Why, do you know, Lot, I've never once asked her. She might select some other fellow in the firm and k—consult him."

"Ned, you're simply horrid now. I never did like you when you tried to be funny. You know I never interrupt you here unless I'm troubled about something, and you're just laughing at me instead of sympathizing," and Mrs. Ned pretends to pull away her hands, but conspicuously fails.

"One of the first principles of my large and successful practice, Mrs. Parry, is to secure prepayment of the retaining fee in all cases where I have reason to believe the client will subsequently act contrary to my advice. When you have— Ah, that will have to do, I presume, though it came with a bad grace. And now you say Fan is going to Sedgwick?"

"Yes, and Randy Merriam's hardly been married a month longer than Mr. McLane's been dead."

"Astounding coincidence! But Brandy is married, isn't he?"

"Randy, Ned, not Brandy—how your mind runs to such things!"

"Well, toward five p. m. the firm does feel like running to such things, my best beloved, and is only deterred from doing so by the fact that a touch of the button makes it do the running. What shall I order for you?" And Mr. Parry transfers her left hand to its mate reposing in his left, and stretches forth the right toward his desk.

"I want nothing," she answered, "but advice, and no more nonsense. Ned," appealingly, "what ought I to do? What can I do?"

"Are you sure you can do just what I tell you, Lot?" he asks, a fond light playing in his eyes, despite the half-teasing smile.

"Of course I can. Don't I—always?"

"Well—ahem—I have known instances—But you will do just what I say?"

"Yes, Ned, I will."

"Then, your ladyship, let her go and don't worry. I don't, I haven't, a bit."

"Why, then you have known she was going—she has told you?"

"She hasn't. I learned it from Swinburne."

"When?"

"Three days ago."

"And you never told me, Ned!" reproachfully.

"Fact!" says Ned, sagely and sententiously. "You would have protested. She would have been the more obstinately determined. There would have been a row, and all to no purpose. Fan has had her own way since she cut her first baby tooth, and there's nothing on earth so independent as a well-to-do young widow. Swinburne's found that out."

"Ned, I can't bear Swinburne, but I'd rather she'd marry him—as soon as it's decent to marry anybody—than go out there and fling herself in Randy Merriam's way again. Everybody knows the story."

"Yes, it was rather a public exhibition of miltten-giving, I'll admit," says Parry, reflectively, "and not two years ago, either," he added. Then suddenly—"Lot, what sort of fellow is Capt. Grafton?"

"A very dignified, majestic personage—a good deal older than she is, you know, but she's devoted to him and he to her. There's a woman who doesn't do as she pleases, let me tell you! Capt. Grafton will have no nonsense going on under his nose, and I'll tell Fan that if she thinks to resume her old flirtation with Merriam, she'll have to blind Grafton first."

"My love, you forget the compact. You're not to tell Fan anything except good-by. Yes—you may send our regards to Merriam by her. He's a particularly nice fellow, if she did throw

him over for old McLane and his fortune. And Mrs. Parry, I shouldn't be surprised if our particularly pert and pretty sister were thought a very valuable lesson. Therefore do as I say, let her go, Ned—I mean let her go. And, talking of going, suppose you drive me home with you. We'll stop and see Fan a minute—and Swinburne."

And stop they do, finding the broker magnate still there, though in evident straits. Is it possible for a man in love to look pleased at the coming of visitors in the midst of even a prolonged tete-a-tete? Swinburne doesn't. He looks infinitely distressed, and Parry doesn't fail to remark it.

"Hullo, Swinburne! Who'd 'a' thought of seeing you here at this hour? I supposed you never missed a day like this for a drive, yet your team isn't at the door."

"No—er—I had business to discuss with Mrs. McLane before her start for the west—a journey which I had much hoped to hear Mrs. Parry has dissuaded her from taking."

"Oh, bless you, no!" responds Parry, cheerfully. "The doctor advises change of scene and air, doesn't he, Fan? And Sedgwick's the very place for both. There's no scenery within ten miles of it, and there's more air than they know what to do with ten hours out of 12. It blows a blizzard there six times a week, doesn't it, Fan?"

"Then I presume the residents of the post must be unusually charming to offset such monotony of landscape and such objectionable climate," says Swinburne, stiffly, and looking ruefully at the fair young widow. "I have not the honor of anybody's acquaintance there," he adds.

"So?" says Parry. "Why, there's Capt. and Mrs. Grafton, old friends of Fan's, you know—that is, Mrs. Grafton is, and there's Lieut. Merriam—splendid fellow, that! We knew him so well when he was on duty at the Point. And there's a Minton, of the artillery, there with his battery. He used to visit us often when Merriam was philandering

about Fan here. Oh, yes, there's a raft of pleasant people there."

Mrs. McLane's pretty face at this juncture is a study. She is flushed, almost tearful; ready to pull Ned Parry's hair in wrath, yet hardly able to restrain her merriment at sight of Swinburne, who sits in open-mouthed dismay. For downright mischief a brother-in-law has opportunities accorded no other mortal, and Parry is at once her torment and her delight. Mrs. McLane has been known to say that Charlotte took a very mean advantage of her in having met him first and "landed" him before he ever saw the sunshine of her own lovely blue eyes.

Very little alike were these two sisters, despite the fact that they had lived most of their life together. Educated abroad by a benevolent aunt after the death of their devoted mother, the girls had returned to America the great year of the Columbian fete, and Charlotte, the elder by two years, had met Ned Parry, a rising and successful young lawyer, before they had been home a month, was engaged to him before the autumn leaves were falling—before Fan even dreamed that anything of the kind was in contemplation, for she, at the moment, was having what she termed a simply deliciously delightful time at the Point. Harriet Palmer, her especial friend at school, both at home and abroad, had married Capt. Grafton early that spring, Fan making almost her first appearance in society as one of the bridesmaids on that occasion, and being much impressed with the decorations of the groomsmen assigned to her, a handsome, soldierly fellow by the name of Merriam. He was an officer several years the junior of Capt. Grafton, but, being of the captain's regiment and conveniently stationed at West Point, he had been called into requisition with others of his cloth, and a very pretty wedding they had had. And then, as luck would have it, Grafton himself was offered a detail at the academy, and rather than take his bride to the far frontier so soon after their marriage he accepted it, and there they spent the summer; and there, in July, Miss Frances Hayward joined them at Mrs. Grafton's urgent request, and there did Randolph Merriam fall deeply and devotedly in love with her, and no one wondered. By far and away she was the prettiest girl at the Point that summer, and Merriam was conceded to be a mighty lucky fellow when, very soon after the announcement of Charlotte Hayward's forthcoming marriage to Edward Parry, he allowed himself to be congratulated upon his engagement to her younger sister.

And he had every right to consider himself engaged. She had accepted his attentions, his devotion, eventually his ring and also his presents. He had called upon Aunt and Uncle Mellon in New York, the guardians of the girls, and startled them out of all equanimity by the announcement that Miss Hayward had accepted the offer of his heart and hand conditioned only on their consent, which he besought them to give.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## ABOUT WOLVES.

Some Interesting Facts Related by Hunters.

The gray wolf is a creature of the storm, many think, because it is so fierce, and because, like the eagle, it plays in strong winds, seeking the exposed places and delighting to get on some point of rock where the gale blows most fiercely. One man says that it requires an expert to distinguish between a wolf's howl and the shrieking of a high wind.

Wolves are good husbands, providing food for their families with the utmost care, hunting far and near, in hard times, raiding sheep folds and the deer covers with an impartiality that rouses the farmer and the sportsman.

Men who hunt for business kill the wolves in a business-like way. They shoot a cow or deer, sprinkle strychnine on the flesh, and then go away.

Frequently wolves are near by watching the hunter while he is at work, but the man does not shoot them. When the man goes the wolves come, eat some of the meat and then go tumbling over the ground in mortal agony.

Wolves are knowing beasts. Artificial trap baits have few charms for them, save when they can come in over the back of a pen and take the meat without danger. They hunt in packs, led by some beast of great prowess, that has gained its leadership by fighting all the wolves of the pack. The male wolf will not bite a female wolf.—Forest and Stream.

## Not So Wise.

Johnnie, aged six, recently attended church and after listening attentively to a discourse on the parable of the wise and foolish housebuilders said to his mother on the way home: "I don't think the man who built his house on the rock was so very wise after all."

"And why not, Johnnie?" asked his mother. "Because," answered the young observer, "he wouldn't have any place for a cellar."—Chicago Evening News.

**Making a Bad Thing Worse.** Blunderly (looking at female portrait)—Great gracious! What a hideous face. Where did you find that sister?

Artist (coldly)—That, sir, is a portrait of my sister.

Blunderly—I beg your pardon. My mistake, I'm sure. After all, I ought to have noticed the family resemblance.—Tit-Bite.

## SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

There are 50,000 Protestant Christians in the Turkish empire.

Philadelphia has six Presbyterian churches with over 1,000 communicants each.

The American Bible society has sent 3,500 Spanish New Testaments to Santiago de Cuba.

The oldest university in the world is that of Peking, which has graduated 60,000 students.

The Canadian Presbyterian church expended \$131,837 in its foreign mission work last year.

A missionary now laboring in China expresses the belief that there are now fully 200,000 Christians in the Chinese empire.

Miss Margaret Geddes, the first young woman to obtain the degree of doctor of medicine from Edinburgh university, followed up her graduation by getting married on the same day to another doctor.

The new secretary of state is the third alumnus of Brown university to occupy that post. William L. Marcy was graduated in 1808 and Richard Olney in 1856, Col. Hay taking his degree two years later, in 1858.

In all Cuba there is only one Protestant church, Episcopalian, in the city of Havana. It has been aided, \$1,000 a year, by the American Episcopal church. There is no rector there now, but lay services are held for the edification of the 20 members remaining. Most of the refugees belonging to it have come to Tampa, Fla., where Rev. Jose Duerta, of the Congregational Home Missionary society, conducts services for them.

## COURAGE OF BISMARCK.

The Iron Chancellor Was Cool Even When His Life Was in Danger.

In 1866 Bismarck was returning to his home from the palace where he had been to see the king. While passing through the street called Unter den Linden, and quite near the place where Hoedel and Nobeling afterward attempted the life of Emperor William, he suddenly heard a shot fired close behind him. He turned sharply around and saw a young man, who, with a smoking revolver, was aiming at him.

He strode up to the man at once and seized the arm that held the revolver, while with the other hand he grasped the throat of the would-be murderer. The latter, however, had had time to pass the weapon into his left hand, and now fired three shots in quick succession. Bismarck felt himself hurt in the shoulder and in one of his ribs, but he held his assailant fast until some soldiers came up and took hold of him.

Then Bismarck walked home at a brisk pace, and reached his own house long before anybody there could know what had happened. The countess had some friends with her when her husband entered the drawing-room. He greeted all in a friendly manner and begged to be excused for a few minutes as he had some urgent business to attend to. He then walked into the next room where his desk stood and wrote to inform the king of the occurrence. Having attended to this duty he returned to the drawing-room and made one of his little standing jokes.

"Well, are we to have no dinner today? You always keep me waiting." He sat down and partook heartily of the dishes set before him, and it was only when the dinner was over that he walked up to the countess, kissed her on the forehead, wished her in the old German way "Gesegnete Mahlzeit" (may your meal be blessed), and then added: "You see I am quite well." She looked up at him. "Well," he continued, "you must not be anxious, my child; somebody has fired at me, but it is nothing, as you see."

In 1850, when the tide of political passion still ran high, after the storm of the preceding years, he went one day into a Rathskeller in Berlin to take a glass of Gunthaler beer; a man near him, feeling himself supported by the presence of his friends, began to abuse a member of the royal family. Bismarck looked at him and said quietly:

"If you have not left this room before I have finished my beer I'll break this glass over your head," which he proceeded to do according to his promise, calmly paying for the broken glass afterward and walking leisurely away.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## Where Life Is Longest.

More people over 100 years old are found in mild climates than in the higher latitudes. According to the last census of the German empire of a population of 55,000,000 only 78 have passed the hundredth year. France, with a population of 40,000,000, has 213 centenarians. In England there are 146 in Ireland 578, and in Scotland 46.

Sweden has 10 and Norway 23. Belgium 5, Denmark 2, Switzerland none. Spain, with a population of 18,000,000, has 401 persons over 100 years of age. Of the 5,250,000 inhabitants of Serbia, 575 persons have passed the century mark.

It is said that the oldest person living whose age has been proven is Bruno Cotrim, born in Africa, and now living in Rio de Janeiro. He is 150 years old. A coachman in Moscow has lived 144 years.—Lloyd's London Weekly.



## FINCHING FROM THE PEOPLE.

How the Republican Administration  
Tries to Keep Up the Treasury  
Surplus.

A republican contemporary is handy with figures, but not handy enough, in defending the financial policy of Mr. McKinley's administration. It shows a wonderful faculty to bungle things. Its purpose is to mislead the public, but it succeeds only in making more glaring the administration's methods of filching the public. It says that by July 1, 1899, the cost of the army and navy, including the cost of the war and peace footing expenditures, will have reached \$250,000,000. Meanwhile the special war tax will have yielded up \$156,000,000. This will reduce the war debt and current expenditures to \$4,000,000. But that is not all. The Dingley tariff will have yielded a surplus of \$50,000,000 by July, 1899, leaving a deficit of only \$44,000,000. That is to say, by next July the country will have by taxation and custom duties reimbursed the treasury for all ordinary and extraordinary expenditures of the war establishment except the little balance of \$44,000,000. That is very good, indeed, or would be, if it were not true that the Dingley law will not only leave a surplus of \$50,000,000, but a positive deficit of more than that sum.

But assuming that our contemporary's figures are correct. What then? What do they prove? They prove that the people are being most unmercifully robbed. There was a net balance in the treasury of considerably over \$100,000,000 when war was declared, and subsequently \$200,000,000 of bonds were sold, the special war tax will yield \$156,000,000, and after paying the current expenses of the government, other than the war department, the Dingley bill will yield a surplus of \$50,000,000, making a grand total of \$356,000,000 to provide for \$250,000,000 for war and navy expenditures up to July, 1899. Who gets the balance of \$106,000,000? It seems by our contemporary's figures that there would be ample funds for all ordinary and extraordinary expenses without the war excise tax. Then why keep on robbing the people? Why was the excise tax law enacted in the first place? The treasury surplus and the bond issue aggregates \$50,000,000 more than the cost of the war and the maintenance of the entire war establishment until July, 1899. What has become, or what is to become of that surplus of \$50,000,000? To what purpose will the \$156,000,000 of war excise taxes be diverted? Who will get the \$50,000,000 that the Dingley law will pile up? The facts are, the war tax revenue will have to be used to make good the deficit the Dingley bill creates, and the \$50,000,000 left over from the treasury surplus and the bond sale will be found under the head of "miscellaneous items" in the disbursement side of the nation's ledger, but admittedly covered up.—Kansas City Star.

### Hanna and McKinley.

Many people who entertain no great admiration for President McKinley will nevertheless regret that the return of peace has apparently subjected him once more to the domination of the man Hanna. Since he emerged from his cyclone cellar upon the signing of the protocol Hanna has gradually assumed his former attitude of boss to the administration. He talks of the president's views in regard to all sorts of matters as if he were the authorized spokesman of the white house. The old firm of "Mc and Mack" has resumed business to the disgust of everybody, including the president's friends. If the president can put a stop to it he ought to do so. It is a painful and humiliating spectacle to all Americans—republicans and democrats alike—this of a heavy-jowled, fat-witted vulgarian posing as the master of the president of the United States without a protest or disclaimer from the president himself. Maj. McKinley owes it to the nation and to himself to assert his manhood and the dignity of his office. Let him turn Hanna down.—Chicago Chronicle.

### How the Wind Is Blowing.

The republican vote in Vermont was the smallest in 30 years. It was about 12,000 smaller than the vote on governor in 1894, and about 20,000 smaller than the vote for McKinley and for governor in 1896. The democrats boldly reaffirmed the Chicago platform, and polled nearly 2,000 votes more than they did in 1896. This is a good wind straw showing which way the wind blows. It is very evident that republicans are not in rapport with their party this year, and that the democrats of the country are living up in fine shape, and will give a good account of themselves in November. There is not the slightest doubt that Sangamon county and the Seventeenth district will wheel back into the democratic column.—Illinois State Register.

Removing Alger will not cure the disease. That would be only delaying a symptom. The remedy lies in sweeping from authority the party responsible for the power he has exercised to inflict so much suffering and ruin upon the country.—St. Louis Republic.

## AS TO ALGERISM.

Not Political Prejudice, But Public  
Demand That Arraigns the  
War Department.

The hue and cry that has been raised against the mismanagement of the war department was taken up at the outset by representative newspapers of both parties. All along, however, the press has had nothing but praise for Mr. McKinley's personal attitude during the war.

The scandalous blunders which marred the Santiago campaign and developed later in every camp of mobilization began in the war department and should have ended with the removal of Secretary Alger. Republican newspapers, partisan organs of the megaphone variety excepted, were not slow to find the cause of the trouble. They printed the facts as told in news dispatches and exploited them editorially without reflection upon the ability or motives of the president.

These newspapers are still clamorous for the truth. They would sustain the president and punish the guilty. The most rabid politician would not manufacture evidence from a theme so unpopular as the inability of our officials to care for our soldiers. The poverty, ignorance and cruelty of the methods followed by the war department are not good material upon which to base a political issue, nor would the most reckless partisan organ advance charges so repulsive to American pride without being sure of its ground.

Disagreeable as it is, the mismanagement of the war department is a fact. The Hanna apologists admit that Secretary Alger was unfit for the position he held, without occupying, before and during the war. To the demands of the public and press generally, they shrink charges of political prejudice, overlooking or concealing the fact that the more intelligent publications of their own party also demand truth and justice in the case at issue. As much of the truth as could be gleaned from personal observation and private sources has been printed fearlessly. What all fair-minded people want is all the truth and nothing more nor less. It so happens that this can come only from a republican administration.

Thus far public indignation against Algerism is anything but a partisan howl. The insolent mouthings of men like Senator Hanna and Steve McKim are calculated to direct public sentiment against the administration of which they are a part, and to force the president and his party to make common cause against the popular will. The persistence with which Mr. McKinley clings to his so-called friends without regard to their merits or the rights of the people is another influence which will not fail to bring odium upon the republican party. If this should be the result of his alleged determination to shield his friend Alger the controversy may grow into a national issue, but Mr. McKinley can blame nobody but himself and his bad advisers.—St. Louis Republic.

### PARAGRAPHIC POINTERS.

—The navy's cry was: "Remember the Maine." The army's cry will be: "Remember Alger."—Union Observer.

—Mark Hanna says he knows the war department is all right because he "was there nearly all the time." Here's a chance for Alger to stand from under.—St. Louis Republic.

—Alger and his beneficiaries, the incompetents and their relatives and friends, are talking glibly of "the necessary horrors of war and military camps in time of war." The wrecking and ravaging of our volunteer army are not horrors of war, but horrors of Algerism. And for their continuance after they became known William McKinley made himself responsible.—N. Y. World.

—President McKinley was none too quick in abandoning his first intention to refuse an investigation of Algerism and to make his administration responsible for it. Already the first intimations were becoming audible in his party that, if McKinley were to shoulder Algerism, the republicans would need to look elsewhere than to the white house for their candidate in 1900.—N. Y. Post.

—The official family of the administration started in with the idea that "a public office is a private snap" and they have managed the affairs of the government along that line. This is how the republican leaders have been manufacturing democratic campaign thunder, and they may be assured that the democratic party will make it sound to the uttermost parts of the country and weave in a good many streaks of lightning, too.—Kansas City Times.

—The election in Vermont has set all the republican organs at work to find an explanation of the phenomenal results reached by the popular vote. It is a surprise party, and no mistake. The democrats increase their poll for governor by a very respectable figure; the republicans lose to a degree which in a less sure state would mean defeat; while in the legislature the democracy makes what is a stupendous gain in representation, comparatively considered.—Boston Post.

## HEROES OF WAR.

From the Chicago Times-Herald.  
The feeling of admiration for heroes of war seems to be innate in the human heart, and is brought to the surface as the opportunity and object presents itself.

Among those who proved their heroism during our Civil War was A. Schiffeneder, of 161 Sedgwick Street, Chicago. He is an Austrian by birth, came to America at the age of twenty, and became an American citizen. He was living at Milwaukee when the call for volunteers came early in 1862, and he promptly enlisted in Company A, of the Twenty-sixth Wisconsin Volunteers. In the Army of the Potomac he saw much fighting, campaigning in the Shenandoah Valley.

In the first day's fighting at the battle of Gettysburg, Schiffeneder received a wound in the right side, which afterward caused him much trouble. With a portion of his regiment he was captured and imprisoned at Bell Island and Andersonville, and afterward exchanged. He returned to his regiment, which was transferred to the army of General Sherman, and marched with him through Georgia to the sea.

In this campaign Mr. Schiffeneder's old wound began to trouble him and he was sent to the hospital and then home. He had also contracted catarrh of the stomach and found no relief for years.

It happened to read an account of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People about a year ago," he said, "and thought that they might be good for my trouble. I concluded to try them. I bought one box and began to take them according to directions. They gave me great relief. After finishing that box I bought another, and when I had taken the pills I felt that I was cured. I recovered my appetite and ate heartily. I can testify to the good the pills did me."

Mr. Schiffeneder is a prominent Grand Army man in Chicago, whither he moved some years ago with his family.

### Generally the Case.

"What a great bore that Summerling is!" "Still he would leave a very small hole in the world if he were taken away."—Chicago Evening News.

Hall's Catarrh Cure  
Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

Putting Into Practice.—Mamma—"Dorothy, do you know who ate my raisins?" Dorothy (turning over the leaves of her book more rapidly).—"Mamma, you told me yesterday some things are better left unsaid. Isn't that one of them?"—Judge.

Cook (on the day after her arrival).—"Please, mum, I'm a bit fierce at times, and when I am fiery, I'm apt to be a bit rough spoken; but you needn't let that put you about—with a little present you can always bring me around again."—Tit-Bits.

A man never feels more foolish than when he sits around at the station and lets his train leave him.—Washington Democrat.

The Parson—"An' to tink ob de New Jerusalem wif de streets paved wif gold!" The Deacon—"An' yit dere ain't de same riah dere as dey is to de Klondike."—Puck.

Little Teddie—"Pa, what does 'infra dig' mean?" Pa—"Infra dig? Oh, that's Klondike slang. Don't ever let me hear you use them words again."—Cleveland Leader.

Some people cure stomach trouble by dining, but the cure is worse than the disease.—Washington Democrat.

We wonder why most things we like to eat are so hard to digest.—Washington Democrat.

"Papa, dear, why are these waterproof shoes called 'gutta percha'?" "Because, my lad, they enable you to perch in the gutter without getting wet."—Tit-Bits.

Suitor—"Sir, I love your daughter." Blunt Father—"Well, sir, what does that prove?"—Philadelphia North American.

A woman always enjoys ripping up something useful to make something ornamental.—Chicago Daily News.

Political fences are usually of the old-fashioned stake-and-rider pattern.—Chicago Daily News.

An old toper says the sweets of life are always mixed with bitters.—Chicago Daily News.

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## THOSE CHARITY PARTIES.

The Head of the House Had His Say  
and Then Paid for His  
Fun.

The two fair daughters of the household were discussing the entertainment they proposed giving for the benefit of a little work of charity in which they were interested, and, as a matter of course, the old gentleman had to have his say.

"It's an infernal nuisance," he declared. "The house will be in a commotion for a week, nothing will be thought of but your party, and everything will be disarranged. That night we will all be awake till well toward morning, and the next day, those who are not sick will go about staring and half asleep. I call it nothing but tomfoolery."

"Papa," said the eldest, "don't you understand that we are going to help some of the poor and that every cent we make will provide them with some comfort? What you should do is to encourage us."

"Don't talk silly. It's a good deal you girls care about the charitable feature of this social combination you're in. It's the boys and girls and cards and dancing you want. No use trying to pull the wool over my eyes."

"Very well. We'll try to do our duty, even if you do make it hard. We, at least, have some sympathy for the afflicted."

"Oh, you have? Sweetly disinterested, aren't you? How much did you take in at the last blowout?"

"Just \$13.50," proudly.

"Well, I'll give you just \$30.50 for the cause if you'll not inflict your coworkers on us. Now, how's your charity?"

"Mamma, I wish to the land you'd come down here. Papa's acting perfectly awful," and she bounced out of the room while he laughed sardonically.—Detroit Free Press.

### The War Is Over

And now our thoughts are all of peace and home. There are, too often, people to be found who have no home, and it is to them these few words are addressed. If you really want a home you can easily get one, but you should act at once before the relapse from the war puts prices on the advance. In Marinette County, Wisconsin, the very finest farming land is to be had now at a most modest figure. Excellent home markets are at hand to take whatever the farmer raises, and good prices are given. These lands are on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and full information concerning them will cheerfully be furnished by C. E. Rollins, Immigration Agent, 161 La Salle Street, Chicago.

### An Instance.

DeCrap—May is intensely feminine. Miss Upton—More so than other girls? "Well, she asked the blacksmith the other day if her horse couldn't wear shoes a size smaller."—Puck.

Dropsy treated free by Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, of Atlanta, Ga. The greatest dropsy specialists in the world. Read their advertisement in another column of this paper.

A horse with a docked tail must feel like a neigh-bob.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

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# THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, : : : Editor.



HAZEL GREEN, KY.

THURSDAY... October 6, 1898.

## DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR CONGRESS—10TH DISTRICT.

**Hon. Thos. Y. Fitzpatrick,**  
OF FLOYD COUNTY.

## POLITICAL POT-POURI.

HANNA and Alger, what a pair! Si-mese twins of political corruption, with a president of the United States in the role of "connecting link."

"BETTER money for the bondholder" is another term frequently used by the plutocratic press. Any kind will do for the laborer provided he can get it.—Corydon (Ind.) Democrat.

IF IT WAS not for the robbers and the red tape soldiers would not have suffered for food and medicine. The robbers like the red-tape system as it gives them a chance to do the soldier.—Michigan Democrat.

THE next move of the Republican administration will be to do as Russia and France do, put newspaper editors in jail when they tell the truth. That is the political philosophy of Hanna, Alger and Weyerism.

THE investigation of the administration by the administration will not result in a mixture of whitewash sufficiently strong to stop the sense of smell. The political corruption of Republican party leadership will continue to emit a nauseous odor for several generations yet unborn.

THE Advertiser is one of the staunchest Republican papers in the state of New York. It says: "Secretary Alger is in the anomalous situation of cabinet officer securing the country to collect evidence for a defense before the investigating committee. His course is humiliating on its part and mortifying to the whole country."

UNDER the reign of the Republican party the wealth producers of this country are feeling the lash of the financial despots who dictate the policy of the McKinley administration. Want and necessity are expelling every repining thought of those who in 1896 looked for the halo that surrounded the vision of McHanna prosperity.

"WHEN asked about the report as to his resignation from the cabinet, Secretary Alger blurted out that there wasn't a word of truth in it. And news of this kind ought to be broken so gently, too.—Binghampton (N. Y.) Leader.

Of course he won't resign. Alger and Hanna are the Republican party, McKinley the slave of their will. How can you expect a slave to dictate to his master? Does the clay command the potter?

IF THE American Republic is to live, we must provide against political corruption in high places. We must estimate its character, the law of its motion, the orbit of its course, its magnitude, and the spirit of the power which presides over its activity. Villainous causes beget villainous effects. The effects of disasters to our army arise from no other cause, except Republican corruption, associated with the hydra-headed enemies of humanity—avarice and greed.

MARK HANNA emerges after the war from his bullet-proof seclusion to declare that the Republicans would make the administration's war record the leading issue in the fall campaign. Mark is a burnt cork politician. He changes the political complexion of the Republican party whenever he learns that the American audience are on to his disguise. Mark now says the Democrats are copperheads for using the thieving and inhuman administration's conduct of the war against them. The "Divine Right" of Hannaism is exhibiting many attributes supposed to belong to his Satanic Majesty.

THE HERALD today resumes its old size and form and with the aid of providence and the people both size and form shall be perpetuated. And, now that we have again started on the up grade we ask the co-operation of every citizen in the community, the county, and the country at large. In return for this anticipated aid we promise in advance to labor by day and by night to attain the acme of our ambition and make it the ideal American family newspaper. You know what it was in the past, and you know what we can again make it with your assistance. "But," you ask, "how can I assist save by my individual subscription?" Listen: Next week there will probably be 5,000 people here at the fair. Read carefully every page of this issue to yourself learn how good a paper it is, and then determine to next week get at least one new subscriber for us. In this way you can materially aid us, and if every subscriber will bring us one new one we pledge ourselves to deserve all that is done for us. Up to and including Saturday, Oct. 15th the subscription price will be FIFTY CENTS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE, and up to that date, inclusive all old subscribers may extend their subscriptions for 12 months at the same rate. On and after Monday, Oct. 17th, the price will be \$1.00 a year, in advance. NOW is the time to subscribe.

INCIDENTALLY we hear that Banford Mannin is being coached in the Clifty precinct as a probable candidate for the position of representative from Wolfe and Morgan counties. Banford is quite young, but very deserving, inasmuch as he has thus far been the architect of his own aspirations and ambitions, and under adverse circumstances builded better than any boy we know. But his youth leads us to think it a case of precocious politics prematurely born, and the same vein of thought leads us to remember poor Jim Jewel's remark, "Politics is h—!" and we hurl it at Banford with all its admonitory advice. Should you conclude to make the race, however, the field is before you.

BOSS GOEBEL will find his bill a boom-crang, for when it comes to letting the Democratic nomination for governor P. Wat Hardin will be the man. You can't fool all the people, and all the people composing the great party of and for the people are for the gallant general.

### BRYAN.

BY ALONZO LEDORA RICH.

We intend that the patriot and statesman, William Jennings Bryan, shall be, as he deserves to be, the president of the United States; and that under his wholesome and patriotic administration a new century of peace shall be ushered in, in the splendor and revival of which the evil powers which have dominated American society for the last quarter of a century shall wither and perish from the earth.—John Clark Ridpath, in May Arena.

America! no heavens bend Above a land like thine, Where many blessings still descend In one unbroken line. First thirteen stars their glory lent To gild fair Freedom's night, And now a crowded firmament Is glowing on the sight.

Democracy the spirit gave A longing to be free, And so the people crossed the wave To make their home with thee. They knew the bands that rivet down, The chains that hold men fast, And from the sceptre and the crown They came to thee at last!

Then rose immortal Jefferson, Who penned the golden laws, Defending rights they nobly won, And standing for their cause, "Life, liberty and the pursuit Of happiness" to all; To plant the tree and eat the fruit Nor heed the monarch's call!

But soon a power showed itself To hold the world in thrall; They substituted love of pelf, And crowned it "lord of all," Then peerless Jackson soon bereft That power—made it yield: Like favored Daniel when he left Goliath on the field!

And thus through perils crowding fast The Ship of State has sailed, Till Freedom's light, amid the blast, At times has almost failed. Plutocracy is at the helm, And hopes to cast ere long Her anchor naught can overwhelm, And make it fast and strong.

The rich man, in his pride of state, A festival has spread, While beggars sit beside his gate And beg their daily bread; A workingman—a little cot Where children wait and cry, Is but the poor man's humble lot, While Wall-street revels high.

A leader comes the land to bless, And save the ship from shock; And open springs of plenteousness, As Moses smote the rock! How soon "to hastening ills a prey Where wealth accumulates," The world speeds on its reckless way, With countless living freights.

But Bryan spread the glad news: "No crown of thorns shall set On foreheads moistened by the dew Of noonday's fervid sweat." And farther then the good news rolled, And hills and vales replied That "never on a cross of gold Shall man be crucified!"

A gladiator in the ring Where Freedom dying lay, He came triumphant songs to sing, And conquer in the fray. Beneath his reign, when president, All men with equal chance, Will read and know the message sent In Jefferson's romance!

### Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portions of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.  
Sold by druggists, 75c.  
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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GOOD ONES  
at \$3.50.  
BETTER ONES  
at \$6.00  
AND UPWARDS.

### And Watch Repairing

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**FRED J. HEINTZ,**  
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N. H. WITHERSPOON, President.  
R. D. HUNTER, Cashier.

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Surplus, \$60,000.00.

This Bank solicits the accounts of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky, and offers its customers every facility, and the most liberal terms within the limits of legitimate banking. oct18,1y

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MT. STERLING, KY.

CAPITAL, \$200,000. SURPLUS, \$30,000

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this week, next week,  
or any other week,  
**ASK FOR**

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FAMILY  
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And your favorite home paper.  
**THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD,**  
Both One Year for Only \$1.00.

THE N. Y. WEEKLY TRIBUNE has an Agricultural Department of the highest merit, all important news of the Nation and World, comprehensive and reliable market reports, able editorials, interesting short stories, scientific and mechanical information, illustrated fashion articles, humorous pictures, and is instructive and entertaining to every member of every family.

THE HERALD gives you all the local news, political and social, keeps you in close touch with your neighbors and friends, on the farm and in the village, informs you as to local prices for farm products, the condition of crops and prospects for the year, and is a bright, newsworthy, welcome and indispensable weekly visitor at your home and fireside.

Send all orders to THE HERALD.

## State College of Kentucky,

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.

Offers instruction in Agriculture, Mechanical Engineering, Electrical Engineering, Civil Engineering, three lines of Scientific Study, viz: Mathematical, Biological and Chemical, Classics and Pedagogy, each of which leads to a degree. Twenty-eight Professors and assistants. Laboratories and museums large and well equipped. County appointees receive free tuition, matriculation, fuel and lights, and room rent. Traveling expenses also given to appointees who remain the full collegiate year.

Board in dormitories \$2.25 per week, in private families \$2.50 to \$3. Board, uniform, books and washing need not exceed \$120.00 per year. Fall Term Begins second Thursday in September. Preliminary Examinations first Monday in September. For catalogues and other information apply to

**JAMES K. PATTERSON, Ph. D., LL. D., President.**

## DAY AND SWANGO SPRINGS.

**J. TAYLOR DAY, PROPRIETOR.**

**OPEN TO THE WORLD.**

Don't get possession of Swango Springs until December 31st, 1898, but will buy and keep some on tap free for all guests of L PARK HOTEL, TORRENT, KY.

## RHEUMATISM

Permanently cured by using DR. WHITEHALL'S RHEUMATIC CURE. The surest and the best. Sample sent free on mention of this publication. THE DR. WHITEHALL MEGRIMINE CO., South Bend, Indiana.



## Much in Little

Is especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole medicine

# Hood's Pills

Best, always ready, always efficient, always satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. 25c. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

## THE HERALD.

Old papers 20c. a hundred.

N. L. Ware is this week attending the trotting races at Lexington.

Marshal Byrd on Monday summoned the road hands for work on our streets tomorrow (Friday).

Wm. Clayton, of Bath county, has four horses here for the fair. Mr. Clayton is vice-president.

J. Taylor Day has bought a pair of beautiful cream colored mare mules, and will drive them to his buggy.

Elder Adams will preach at the Frank Johnson school house Saturday night and Sunday at the usual hours.

A. T. Brooks, who has been rusticated in Menifee county for the past few weeks, returned home Saturday.

Dial Jones, who has been visiting in Clark and Montgomery for two weeks past, returned home Saturday night.

Born, to wife of John Amyx, at Sellers, Thursday evening last, a girl. Dr. John Taulbee officiated as commissioner in the case.

Mrs. John B. Davis, who has been confined to her room for three months past, we are sorry to report is still confined to her bed.

At the school election held Saturday Judge G. B. Swango and W. T. Swango were elected trustees of the Hazel Green district.

Mrs. Maggie Kash says she will have a complete line of millinery and ladies' wraps on exhibition during fair week. Do not fail to see the display.

Dr. S. B. Kash and wife paid our office a pleasant call Sunday, and as it was the first time Mrs. Kash was ever in a print shop, it was quite a curiosity to her.

Owing to the Lexington trots, now on and continuing through next week, Vincent Cronwell, who was expected here with a string of horses, cannot come.

Rev. R. M. Lee, the new pastor of the Methodist church at this place, arrived here last week, and has since been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Swango.

Harry Little has resigned as postmaster at Daysboro, and Mrs. Francis E. Fallen has been appointed in his stead and executed and forwarded her bond.

**TAKE ONLY** the best when you need a medicine. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier, nerve and stomach tonic. Get **HOOD'S**.

Dr. Taulbee was on Sunday night called to Quicksand, Breathitt county, to see the little son of Reuben McQuinn, and reports it a case of malarial fever.

Old fashions in dress may be revived but no old-fashioned medicine can replace Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For sale by J. Taylor Day.

Mrs. Catharine Davis and Mrs. J. M. Davis, of Ezel, mother and sister-in-law, respectively, of our fellow-townsmen J. B. Davis, visited he and his family Saturday and Sunday.

All parties indebted to me by note or account must call and pay same at once, as I need money and must have it. Do not delay. Respectfully,  
H. F. PIERATT.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Caskey, who have been visiting relatives and friends in Missouri and Iowa for a month past, are expected home this week. Later.—They got home Tuesday evening:

**Prevention is better than cure.** Keep your blood pure, your appetite good and your digestion perfect by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla, gentle, efficient.

## Written for THE HERALD. WHAT PRINTERS' INK WILL DO.

An ad's a sure foundation  
In business enterprise;  
A guide board to a station  
That opens wide your eyes.

Yes, printers' ink will show you  
Just how and what to do,  
And all the world will know you  
If business is your view.

'Twill be to you a search-light,  
The brightest ever made,  
And throw its beams the darkest night  
Athwart the marts of trade.

Without this light ships are inclined  
To wreck from stem to stern,  
While with it you will surely find  
A quick and safe return.

It is a seed, which dropped in soil,  
Forms, O, a lasting root,  
And you'll receive for all your toil  
A harvest of rich fruit.

'Twill make your cares seem lighter,  
And wealth you may attain;  
'Twill make the links much brighter  
Within prosperity's chain.

Let printers' ink your wants display,  
O, let it be your friend,  
To smooth the ruffles on the way  
And all reverses mend.

Hazel Green, Ky. S. W.

### Card of Thanks.

Col. Cooper: Please express my thanks through the columns of THE HERALD to Hazel Green and vicinity for the many favors shown me and my family during our brief stay among you. Irrespective of church affiliation we have received attentions and favors that have won our lasting gratitude. I also desire in this connection to thank THE HERALD for favors both to myself and the church. May it prosper and spread as a green bay tree. May the good Lord prosper, bless and save you all is my prayer.

Truly your brother in the Lord,  
JAS. R. WORD,  
Pastor M. E. Church, South.

### How to Prevent Croup.

We have two children who are subject to attacks of croup. Whenever an attack is coming on my wife gives them Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and it always prevents the attack. It is a household necessity in this county and no matter what else we run out of, it would not do to be without Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. More of it is sold here than all other cough medicines combined. J. M. Nickle, of Nickle Bros., merchants, Nickleville, Pa. For sale by J. Taylor Day.

### At the Christian Church.

The disciples met upon every first day of the week, as their custom was to break bread and give thanks. The Christian churches assemble upon the Lord's Day as did the Apostolic churches. The Lord's Supper is the central thought of the morning service.

On Sunday at the Christian church the topics for sermons will be: At 11 a. m., "Ministering to the Lord," and at 7 p. m., "Resisting the Devil." You are invited to attend both services. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

### Weak Eyes Are Made Strong.

dim vision made clear, eyes removed and granulated lids or sore eyes of any kind speedily and effectually cured by the use of Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve. It's put up in tubes, and sold on a guarantee by all good druggists.

### Burglars on the Nickell Fork.

On Friday night last the residence of Holly Wilson, on the Nickell fork, was burglarized, the bureau drawers broken open and ransacked, but nothing missing. On Saturday night Lee Caskey's residence, on the same creek was entered and loaf of light bread taken. Two men were run away from the latter place.

### The Eagle, King of All Birds.

is noted for its keen sight, clear and distinct vision. So are those persons who use Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve for weak eyes, styes, sore eyes of any kind or granulated lids. Sold by all dealers at 25 cents.

### Died at Widows' and Orphans' Home.

James Ernest Pelfrey, the little boy mentioned in our last issue as being sick at the Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home, Louisville, died at that place at 6 o'clock last Thursday evening of pyemia, resulting from pneumonia.

### Lung Irritation

is the forerunner to consumption. Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey will cure it, and give such strength to the lungs that a cough or a cold will not settle there. 25 cents at all good druggists.

### Fair Warning.

Your taxes are due and must be paid at once, or 6 per cent. will be added.

H. F. PIERATT, D. S.

## Miraculous Benefit

RECEIVED FROM  
Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure.



ELI P. BADCOCK, of Avoca, N. Y., a veteran of the 3rd N. Y. Artillery and for thirty years of the Babcock & Munsel Carriage Co., of Auburn, says: "I write to express my gratitude for the miraculous benefit received from Dr. Miles' Heart Cure. I suffered for years, as result of army life, from sciatica which affected my heart in the worst form, my limbs swelled from the ankles up. I blotted until I was unable to button my clothing; had sharp pains about the heart, smothering spells and shortness of breath. For three months I was unable to lie down, and all the sleep I got was in an arm chair. I was treated by the best doctors but gradually grew worse. About a year ago I commenced taking Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure and it saved my life as if by a miracle."

Dr. Miles' Remedies are sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee, first bottle benefits or money refunded. Book on diseases of the heart and nerves free. Address, DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

James Finn and George Twidale, of Cincinnati, are here to put up the Flying Dutchman, or merry-go-round for the fair, which was recently purchased by J. Taylor Day. It is one of the best made, has 16 horses, four deer, four zebras and eight movable seats. It will accommodate 48 people, and the steam organ in connection will discourse delightful music while they ride. The plant being the property of Mr. Day and the privilege belonging to the editor of THE HERALD, they will run it in partnership, and invite the patronage of all who may attend the fair.

The attention of our readers is directed to the card of W. G. Lockhart, the dentist. He did work for several of our citizens on his recent visit to this place, including the editor and his better half, and all are eminently satisfied. He will be here again on the 24th inst., but in the meantime you should see him during fair week and arrange with him for any work you may wish to have done when he comes.

Report of Caskey School, Dist. No. 7, Morgan county, for the third month, ending Sept. 30. Fifth grade: Sydney Bishop, 90 per cent. Fourth grade: Arthur Havens, 80; Bruce Shoup, 80; Nannie Stamper, 79; Laura Pack, 78-4-5; George Brewer, 75; Danson Bishop, 75; Mielie Wilson, 74-1-5; Ida Brewer, 74; A. J. Combs, 73; Minnie Caskey, 70. NANNIE FIELDS, Teacher.

Newt Hurst, who was raised by Roe Nickell, and who joined the Second United States infantry last December, arrived here Friday night, very sick. Dr. Nickell was called to see him Sunday at the home of Roe Nickell, and reports him in a serious condition. Mr. Hurst was in the ElCaney and San Juan fight, and while in Cuba contracted fever, with which he is now suffering.

The list of appointments of Rev. R. M. Lee, of the Methodist church, for this month are as follows: Second Sunday, 11 o'clock a. m., Rose Chapel; 3rd Sunday Consolation, at 11 a. m. and again in the afternoon; 4th Sunday at Pine Grove at 11 o'clock, and at Ezel at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

Mrs. Adams and nephew Dr. McIntyre, a dentist, of Carlisle, are the guests of Mrs. Ellen Kash. Mrs. Adams visited here some 12 years ago and was so much benefitted by drinking the Swango water that she is again trying its efficacy.

Send your laundry to the Winchester Power Laundry, the best in the state. D. B. Litteral is agent at Hazel Green, and will call for and deliver goods in town. He will also forward all packages sent in from the country. 27-1f.

Rev. J. H. Wallen and wife, accompanied by Miss Rebecca Wood, attended the reception at Charles Fallen's, on Gillmore creek, Monday, tendered Mr. Fallen's son Harry and bride, who were married Sunday.

Old papers 20c. a hundred.

# TRAINING (AND) FEED STABLES

I have opened my Training and Feed Stable, and will keep on hand plenty of feed and a full supply of vehicles and traps. Parties coming from a distance, who may desire horses pastured for a few days or weeks can have the best pasture at reasonable rates.

## LIVERY STABLES.



Also, for the convenience and accommodation of guests of the Day House, at Hazel Green, and L Park Hotel at Torrent, I have opened nearby two first-class livery stables, where I will keep buggies, saddle horses and hacks for hire at all times. Persons wishing a vehicle to meet them at McCausy can telephone me and have any desired vehicle or saddle horse promptly.

I will also have a full supply of hacks for hire to drummers, which will be in charge of careful drivers, and for which they can contract by the day for any length of time.

Persons intending to visit Day and Swango Springs will be met at either McCausy or Torrent with team and driver, and I will have pleasure in shipping water for them whenever desired.

## J. TAYLOR DAY.



**RESTORED MANHOOD** DR. MOTT'S NERVE-PILLS  
The great remedy for nervous prostration and all nervous diseases of the generative organs of either sex, such as Nervous Prostration, Falling of the Testes, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Youthful Errors, Mental Weakness, excessive use of Tobacco or Opium, which lead to Consumption and Insanity. With every \$5.00 order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Sold at \$1.00 per box. 6 boxes for \$5.00. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

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Hazel Green, Ky.

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MUNN & Co., 361 Broadway, New York  
Branch Office, 25 F St., Washington, D. C.

## Lexington and Eastern Railway.

Time Table in Effect May 15, 1898.

### EAST BOUND.

STATIONS.	No. 4. Daily. Daily.	No. 5. Daily ex. Sunday.
Lexington	7 45 am	2 30 pm
Avon	8 10 am	2 55 pm
Winchester	8 30 am	3 15 pm
Fairlie	8 45 am	3 27 pm
Indian Flds	9 00 am	3 43 pm
Clay City	9 16 am	4 01 pm
Stanton	9 25 am	4 11 pm
Filson	9 31 am	4 24 pm
Dundee	9 47 am	4 35 pm
Nat. Bridge	9 54 am	4 40 pm
Torrent	10 08 am	4 54 pm
Beatty's Je	10 29 am	5 16 pm
Three Fks C	10 39 am	5 26 pm
Athol	10 59 am	5 48 pm
Jackson	11 30 am	6 20 pm

### WEST BOUND.

STATIONS	No. 1. Daily, ex. Sunday.	No. 3. Daily.
Jackson	5 40 am	2 25 pm
Athol	6 11 am	2 56 pm
Three Fks C	6 31 am	3 16 pm
Beatty's Je	6 41 am	3 26 pm
Torrent	7 02 am	3 47 pm
Nat. Bridge	7 18 am	4 01 pm
Dundee	7 25 am	4 08 pm
Filson	7 34 am	4 24 pm
Stanton	7 48 am	4 35 pm
Clay City	7 57 am	4 44 pm
Indian Flds	8 14 am	4 59 pm
Fairlie	8 31 am	5 13 pm
Winchester	8 44 am	5 25 pm
Avon	9 04 am	5 45 pm
Lexington	9 30 am	6 10 pm

J. R. BARK, Gen'l Manager.

CHAS. SCOTT, Gen. Pass. Agent.

OLD PAPERS, Clean and Nice, for sale at this office at 50 cents per 100.



# THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN. 1 1 1 KY.

## BEDTIME.

The' we may laugh at children who would cry  
When nurses come to bear them off to bed.  
We are but children of a larger growth,  
And, bedtime coming near, we droop and sigh,  
Not wishing yet to end our little day.  
We fain would stop awhile to work or play.  
And then if we can stop our eyes grow sad,  
And drooping ever, nearly seem to close.  
Our toys with listless, tired hands are held  
Till kindly Nature brings her own repose,  
And, gathering all her weary children home,  
Says: "Sleep, ye wanderers—gentle night has come."  
And then we sleep—so calmly—on her breast,  
While Night with kindly fingers shuts our eyes,  
And smooths the lines of weary thought away.  
Those lines which sin, and care, and sorrow made,  
Till in a dreamless sleep we lose the day,  
And, turning gladly, lie in perfect rest.  
—Ida Rowe, in Madame.

## THE CAPTAIN'S MATE

By Major Alfred R. Calhoun.

THE GENERAL SCOTT, though among the last of the fine clippers that once made Baltimore famous, and gave a world-wide reputation to the American merchant marine, is still an excellent vessel.

Three years ago the General Scott was commanded by Tracy Byrom, who owned a half interest in the vessel and was thought by those who are authorities in such matters to be the ablest sailor and shrewdest business man that ever handled a ship or disposed of a cargo.

Capt. Byrom was 30 years of age, active, good looking and inclined to be stern. He was "a moody man," given to pacing the deck with his hands buried deep in his pockets and his eyes cast down. But men who had sailed with him since he first came on shipboard, a beardless boy, declared that up to his thirtieth year, Capt. Byrom was as light-hearted a sailor as ever touched rudder or rope.

When Capt. Byrom was 30 years of age, and while he was as yet only first officer of the ship of which he was now the master, he became acquainted with Agnes Hayne, the daughter of a wealthy Baltimore merchant who had made a fortune in the South American trade.

At that time Mr. Hayne owned an interest in the General Scott, and as the cabin of the ship was fitted up for passengers, he took a voyage in her, one winter, to Rio Janeiro, his beautiful daughter accompanying him as nurse and companion.

In addition to being a thorough sailor and well-educated, Tracy Byrom had a susceptible heart and an eye for the beautiful.

Early in the voyage he became acquainted with Agnes Hayne. As they had similar tastes, this acquaintance soon ripened into friendship.

Agnes Hayne's father had the gout, and the disease did not improve a temper which, at its best, was far from amiable. He was a sharp-eyed old gentleman, and whether he suspected Tracy Byrom's feeling for his daughter or not, certain it is that he evinced, from the first, anything but a fondness for the young man.

When Agnes shook hands with the first officer of the General Scott, at Rio, she thanked him for the kindness he had shown her during the voyage, and she said, as she looked into his blushing, confused face: "I hope, Mr. Byrom, that we may meet again."

The ship, having discharged one cargo and taken on another, sailed away from Rio Janeiro, and the young sailor's heart was none the lighter because he had left his heart behind him.

Mr. Hayne, who was a widower, with Agnes, his only living child, spent six months in Brazil. Meantime, he had made up his mind to return on the General Scott, for he had been given to understand that that ship had another first officer, and this was the truth.

But he had not learned that Tracy Byrom had been promoted to the position of captain of the same ship. When he did learn this fact it was too late to change his arrangements, so he came back to Baltimore with his daughter in the ship that took them out.

During the voyage, Mr. Hayne's ailments confined him for much of the time in his stateroom, and, as a consequence, the happy young captain was thrown much with his heart's ideal.

That was the shortest and the happiest voyage Tracy Byrom ever sailed. He had been so attentive to Mr. Hayne that simply as a matter of courtesy the gruff old gentleman could not help thanking the young officer who had been so considerate, and saying to him at parting in Baltimore:

"If I can return your favors, Capt. Byrom, command me."

This was certainly encouraging. A week after the captain made a formal call to see how Mr. Hayne and his

daughter were feeling after the voyage, and, if chance offered, to carry out a resolution which he had formed after long and careful deliberation.

This resolution was nothing more nor less than to tell Agnes that he loved her, and to propose that henceforth they sail life's seas together.

The old gentleman was out, and Agnes was at home. And so Tracy Byrom, by a desperate effort of will, told the young lady that he loved her. She did not seem surprised; how could she be when she knew of his love already? Restraining her evident emotion, she confessed that no man stood higher in her esteem and affections than Capt. Byrom.

"But," she said, "I have promised my father never to marry without his consent. I am now of age, still duty makes this promise binding. His happiness is my first consideration. See him and I will abide by his answer."

In the exultation of this success Capt. Byrom felt sure that every other obstacle would vanish. He sought an early opportunity to see the old gentleman, and, without any foolish preliminaries, he stated his object.

He was met by a thunderclap of indignation. Mr. Hayne was furious at what he called "the presumption of an upstart." The captain said frankly that his own family in Maine stood quite as high as the Haynes did in Baltimore, and that as for himself no man would dare to utter aught against his character.

The old gentleman ended the interview by ordering Tracy Byrom from the house and warning him, if he valued his life, not to attempt to enter it again.

The captain left the house, wrote the particulars of his meeting with her father to Agnes and asked for one more meeting, but she made no reply.

From this time on Tracy Byrom was a changed man. He heard the following year that Agnes had gone to Europe with her father, but his pride prevented his inquiring into the matter.

Nearly six years after his last meeting with Agnes Hayne the General Scott, still commanded by Tracy Byrom, was bound for Dantzic, with a cargo from Baltimore. They had



"THAT IS FOR YOU TO SAY."

been out of port about ten days when the forward lookout shouted down: "A steamer on the port bow flying signals of distress!"

Glass in hand, the captain sprang into the rigging, and he saw in the direction indicated a trans-Atlantic mail steamer, her decks crowded with people, while through the rigging there rolled a black smoke that did not come from the furnace funnels.

"The ship is on fire!" shouted the captain, and he looked at his watch and saw that there were only two hours of daylight left.

The course of the General Scott was altered, and as the ships neared they exchanged signals.

From these signals Capt. Byrom learned that the steamer was the City of York, from Southampton for New York, with a general cargo and 120 passengers on board. He further learned that the steamship had encountered a terrific storm and that all her lifeboats were washed away.

Capt. Byrom at once gave orders to get one of his own lifeboats ready—he could not spare men to manage the second one—and at once the work of rescue began.

It was quite dark before the first boat load of women and children reached the General Scott, and they were at once transferred to the cabin, the captain leaving this to the steward.

By the light of the burning steamer, boat load after boat load was carried over the waves till all the passengers and crew were transferred from the wreck to the deck of the clipper.

The sailors gave up their quarters, and the batches were opened to make room among the cargo for those who could not find accommodations in the regular quarters.

But the people were so happy at being rescued that they did not mind the inconvenience.

"Captain," said the steward, after he had served coffee and distributed blankets, "there is a lady in your room that wants to see you."

The captain had been too busy rescuing the people to attend to the details of their care, but he went at

once to his own stateroom, and standing in the door he saw a beautiful lady dressed in mourning, whose features he could not well make out in the indistinct light.

"Tracy," she said, "have you forgotten me?"

"Miss Hayne!" she said, reaching out her hands.

"Thank God, Agnes, that I came on time."

That was all the captain said then. The circumstances were not favorable for conversation.

You may be sure that Capt. Byrom left nothing undone for the comfort of the people so fortunately brought under his care; and in their part they were loud in their praises of his kindness and bravery.

On the third day after the wreck another steamer was sighted and signaled. It was decided to transfer the passengers and crew of the wrecked vessel to her and let her take them on to New York.

In the meantime the captain had learned from Agnes that her father had died in Europe nearly a year before.

"And so," said the captain, when preparations were being made for the transfer to the other vessel, "we part here again."

"That is for you to say," she replied, with downcast eyes.

"It would not do for me to take you on with me alone."

"Not if I were an officer, Tracy?"

"An officer?"

"Yes, a mate."

Capt. Byrom acted on the hint. Among the passengers there was an old clergyman—they had all learned about the former relations of Agnes and Tracy, and this good old man did not need much coaxing to perform the marriage ceremony for his gallant rescuer.

And so Agnes Byrom remained for that voyage on the General Scott, and as the boats left the ship the passengers cheered the captain and his mate, and wished them God-speed and a happy voyage—as do we.—N. Y. Ledger.

## Egyptian Boy's Letter.

The numerous papyri unearthed some time ago by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt from the ancient City of Oxyrhynchus, Egypt, are being gradually deciphered. One of them, a letter from a boy, evidently a petted darling, to his father, sounds strangely modern, though it is at least 1,600 years old:

"Theon to his father Theon, greeting. It was a fine thing of you not to take me with you to the city! If you won't take me with you to Alexandria I won't write you a letter, or speak to you, or say good-by to you; and if you go to Alexandria I won't take your hand, nor ever greet you again. That is what will happen if you don't take me. Mother said to Archelaus, 'It quite upsets him to be left behind.' It was good of you to send me presents . . . on the 12th, the day you sailed. Send me a lyre, I implore you. If you don't I won't eat, I won't drink; there now!"—N. Y. Tribune.

## Strictly Business.

A lawyer trying to serve his client by throwing suspicion on a witness in the case in the course of his cross-examination said:

"You have admitted that you were at the prisoner's house every evening during all this time?"

"Yes, sir," replied the witness.

"Were you and he interested in any business together?"

"Yes, sir," answered the man, unhesitatingly.

"Ah! Now, will you be good enough to tell us how and to what extent and what the nature of this business was in which you and he were interested?"

"Well, I have no objection to telling. I was courting his daughter."—Tit Bits.

## Belief and Overbelief.

There are all sorts of arrested developments in life, the criminals, the barbarians, the monomaniacs of weird or shameful desires; but we question if any of these survivals of a ruder state of civilization are so offensive as the superstitious. Superstition, as Matthew Arnold said, is a natural experience upon belief, an overbelief as the Germans call it, a something more than belief, and this vicious excess of virtue, this corruption of belief is more degrading than any form of criminality. Surely superstition is the vilest of all the vices, the most accursed of all the crimes: "Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds."—London Saturday Review.

## At the County Fair.

"How is the campaign progressing?" asked his friend.

"Fine," said the sharper, as he toyed with the implements of his deadly trade. "A number of farmers have been injured by shells."—N. Y. World.

## Rough on De Dude.

De Dude (who does not like a very high collar)—These collars are very high. Show me something lower.

Salesgirl (with dignity)—Those are the cheapest we have, sir. We don't keep slop-shop goods.—N. Y. Weekly.

## His Will Power.

Guyer—Yes, old Crusty is a man of great will power.

Quizzer—He don't look it.

Guyer—Maybe so, but he's got a million to leave, all the same.—N. Y. Journal.

## THE MINISTER GOT MIXED.

And Rang Several Changes on a Scriptural Sentence Before He Got It Right.

The minister had reached the critical point in his "missionary" sermon. He had finished his firstlies and secondlies, and with one neat figure would link them to an impassioned appeal that would strike his congregation's hearts, and make their rocks flow like water.

"If," he exclaimed, "it has truly been said that he who makes two blades of brass to grow where one—"

The puzzled look on the face of a deaf old member in a front pew led him to pause and repeat:

"That he is a benefactor who makes two grades of brass—"

Smiles throughout the house and his own sense showed him there was something wrong, but, with an attempt at lightness, he said, airily:

"As I meant, two blades of glass."

The choir was now keen-eared, and the pastor felt as if he had met Dewey. So he shouted: "Two blades of grace."

Then the senior deacon had pity on him and arose. "My brethren," he spoke, "our pastor has been upset by the intensity of his emotions, and has tripped on two blades of grass."—San Francisco Examiner.

## Has Not Slept for Five Years.

It is reported that a man in Indiana has not had an hour's sleep for five years. He constantly walks about, unable to rest, and is now little more than a skeleton. There are thousands of men and women who are unable to sleep more than an hour or two a night because of nervousness, weakness, dyspepsia, headache and constipation. A certain remedy for these disorders is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. All druggists sell it.

## Wouldn't Take Chances.

Smith—One can't always judge a man's patriotism by his conversation.

Jones—No, I suppose not.

"Take Brown, for instance; would you call him a coward?"

"Well, er—I might if I was sure he wouldn't fight."—Chicago Evening News.

## What Is the Use

of making up clothes that go to pieces before the end of the season or fade and get limp and shabby after the first washing? One of Simpson's Pinks will outwear three of the inferior calicoes. The colors are absolutely fast, and any fabric bearing the name of William Simpson & Sons is guaranteed of the highest standard of quality and finish and will give perfect satisfaction.

## Not Wanted.

Captain—I can get a great attraction for our ball nine. A pitcher with a wooden leg. Manager—None. I won't do. We don't want no useless timber on the team.—L. p to Date.

## To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure, 25c.

Some men are like race horses; their only ambition seems to be a desire to lower their records.—Philadelphia Record.

A Dose in Time Saves Nine of Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar for Coughs. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

If you loaf around a store or office a great deal, remember that you are not welcome.—Aitchison Globe.

I believe Fiss's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—Mrs. Allie Douglass, LeRoy, Mich., Oct. 20, '94.

Loose a minute, and the chase of a lifetime will not catch it.—Ram's Horn.

# Pimples

Are the danger signals of impure blood. They show that the stream of life is in bad condition, that health is in danger of wreck. Clear the course by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and the blood will be made pure, complexion fair and healthy, and life's journey pleasant and successful.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. \$1: six for \$5.

Hood's Pills cure indigestion, biliousness.



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"Hurrah! Battle Ax has come."

Everybody who reads the newspapers knows what privation and suffering were caused in Cuba—by the failure of the supply of tobacco provided by the Government to reach the camps of the U. S. Soldiers.

## BattleAx PLUG

When marching—fighting—tramping—wheeling instantly relieves that dry taste in the mouth.

Remember the name when you buy again.



## ENEMIES OVERTHROWN.

### Dr. Talmage Assails Some of the Great Evils Now Abroad.

"Let God Arise, Let His Enemies Be Scattered," is suggested as a proper motto for workers—Church people arraigned.

This arousing discourse, by Dr. Talmage will excite interest by the manner in which it assails some great evils now abroad. The subject is "Enemies Overthrown," and the text, Psalms lxxviii, 1: "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered."

A procession was formed to carry the ark, or sacred box, which, though only three feet nine inches in length and four feet three inches in height and depth, was the symbol of God's presence. As the leaders of the procession lifted this ornamented and brilliant box by two golden poles run through four golden rings, and started for Mount Zion, all the people chanted the battle hymn of my text: "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered."

The Cameronians of Scotland, outraged by James I., who forced upon them religious forms that were offensive, and by the terrible persecution of Drummond, Dalziel and Turner, and by the oppressive laws of Charles I. and Charles II., were driven to proclaim war against tyrants, and went forth to fight for religious liberty; and the mountain heather became red with carnage, and at Bothwell Bridge and Aird's Moss and Drumclog the battle hymn and the battle shout of those glorious old Scotchmen was the text I have chosen: "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered."

What a whirlwind of power was Oliver Cromwell, and how with his soldiers, named the "Ironsides," he went from victory to victory! Opposing enemies melted as he looked at them. He dismissed parliament as easily as a schoolmaster a school. He pointed his finger at Berkeley Castle, and it was taken. He ordered Sir Ralph Hopton, the general, to dismount, and he dismounted. See Cromwell marching on with his army, and hear the battle cry of the "Ironsides," loud as a storm and solemn as a death-knell, standards reeling before it, and cavalry horses going back on their haunches, and armies flying at Marston Moor, at Winceby Field, at Naseby, at Bridgewater and Dartmouth—"Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered!"

So you see my text is not like a complimentary and tasseled sword that you sometimes see hung up in a parlor, a sword that was never in battle, and only to be used on general training day, but more like some weapon carefully hung up in your home, telling its story of battles, for my text hangs in the Scripture armory, telling of the holy wars of 3,000 years in which it has been carried, but still as keen and mighty as when David first unsheathed it. It seems to me that in the Church of God and in all styles of reformatory work, what we most need now is a battle cry. We raise our little standard, and put on it the name of some man who only a few years ago began to live and in a few years will cease to live. We go into conquest against the armies of iniquity, depending too much on human agencies. We use for a battle cry the name of some brave Christian reformer, but after awhile that reformer dies, or gets old, or loses his courage, and then we take another battle cry, and this time, perhaps, we put the name of some one who betrays the cause and sells out to the enemy. What we want for a battle cry is the name of some leader who will never betray us, and will never surrender, and will never die.

All respect have I for brave men and women, but if we are to get the victory all along the line we must take the hint of the Gideonites, who wiped out the Bedouin Arabs, commonly called Midianites. These Gideonites had a glorious leader in Gideon, but what was the battle cry with which they flung their enemies into the worst defeat into which any army was ever tempted? It was "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." Put God first, whoever you put second. If the army of the American revolution is to free America, it must be "The sword of the Lord and of Washington." If the Germans want to win the day at Sedan, it must be "The sword of the Lord and of Von Moltke." Waterloo was won for the English, because not only the armed men at the front, but the worshippers in the cathedrals at the rear were crying "The sword of the Lord and of Wellington."

The Methodists have gone in triumph across nation after nation with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Wesley." The Presbyterians have gone from victory to victory with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of John Knox." The Baptists have conquered millions after millions for Christ with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Judson." The American Episcopalians have won their mighty way with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Bishop Melvaine." The victory is to those who put God first. But as we want a battle cry suited to all sects of religionists and to all lands, I nominate as the battle cry of Christendom in the approaching Armageddon the words of my text, sounded before the ark as it was carried to Mount Zion: "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered."

As far as our finite mind can judge, it seems about time for God to rise. Does it not seem to you that the abominations of this earth have gone far enough? Was there ever a time when sin was so defiant? Were there ever so many fists lifted toward God telling him to come on if he dare? Look at the blasphemy abroad! What towering profanity! Would it be possible for any one to calculate the number of times that the name of Almighty God and of Jesus Christ are every day taken irreverently on the lips? Profane swearing is as much forbidden by the law as theft, or arson, or murder, yet who executes it? Profanity is worse than theft, or arson, or murder, for these crimes are attacks on humanity—that is an attack on God.

This country is pre-eminent for blasphemy. A man traveling in Russia was supposed to be a clergyman. "Why do you take me to be a clergyman?" said the man. "Oh," said the Russian, "all other Americans swear." The crime is multiplying in intensity. God very often shows what he thinks of it, but for the most part the fatality is hushed up. Among the Adirondacks I met a funeral procession of a man who two days before had fallen under a flash of lightning while boating, after a Sunday of work in the fields, that he had cheated God out of one day anyhow, and the man who worked with him on the same Sabbath is still living, but a helpless invalid under the same flash.

Years ago, in a Pittsburgh prison, two men were talking about the Bible and Christianity, and one of them, Thompson by name, applied to Jesus Christ a very low and villainous epithet, and, as he was uttering it, he fell. A physician was called, but no help could be given. After a day lying with distended pupils and raised tongue, he passed out of this world. In cemetery in Sullivan county, in New York state, are eight headstones in a line and all are alike, and these are the facts: In 1861 diphtheria raged in the village, and a physician was remarkably successful in curing his patients. So confident did he become that he boasted that no case of diphtheria could stand before him, and finally defied Almighty God to produce a case of diphtheria that he could not cure.

His youngest child soon after took the disease and died, and one child after another, until all the eight had died of diphtheria. The blasphemer challenged Almighty God, and God accepted the challenge. Do not think that because God has been silent in your case, O profane swearer, that He is dead. Is there nothing now in the peculiar feeling of your tongue, or nothing in the numbness of your brain, that indicates that God may come to avenge your blasphemies, or is already avenging them? But these cases I have noticed, I believe, are only a few cases where there are hundreds. Families keep them quiet to avoid the horrible conspiracy. Physicians suppress them through professional confidence. It is a very, very, very long roll that contains the names of those who died with blasphemies on their lips.

Still the crime rolls on, up through parlors, up through chandeliers with lights all ablaze, and through the pictured corridors of clubrooms, out through busy exchanges where oath meets oath, and down through all the haunts of sin, mingling with the rattling dice and crackling billiard balls, and the laughter of her who hath forgotten the covenant of her God; and round the city, and round the continent, and round the earth a seething, boiling surge flings its hot spray into the face of a long-suffering God. And the ship captain curses his crew, and the master builder his men, and the hack driver his horse, and the traveler the stone that bruises his foot, or the mud that soils his shoes, or the defective time piece that gets him too late to the rail train. I arraign profane swearing and blasphemy, two names for the same thing, as being one of the gigantic crimes of this land, and for its extirpation it does seem as if it were about time for God to arise.

Then look for a moment at the evil of drunkenness. Whether you live in Washington, or New York, or Chicago, or Cincinnati, or Savannah, or Boston, or in any of the cities of this land, count up the saloons five year ago and see they are growing far out of proportion to the increase of the population. You people who are so precise and particular lest there should be some imprudence and rashness in attacking the rum traffic will have your son some night pitched into your front door dead drunk, or your daughter will come home with her children because her husband has by strong drink been turned into a demoniac. The drink fiend has despoiled whole streets of good homes in all our cities. Fag-otters, brothers, sons on the funeral pyre of strong drink. Fasten tighter the victims! Stir up the flames! Pile on the corpses! More men, women and children for the sacrifice! Let us have whole generations on fire of evil habit; and at the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery and dulcimer, let all the people fall down and worship King Alcohol, or you shall be cast into the fiery furnace under some political platform!

I indict this evil as the regicide, the fratricide, the patricide, the matricide, the uxoricide of the century. Yet under what innocent and delusive and mirthful names alcoholism deceives the people! It is a "cordial." It is

"bitters." It is an "eye-opener." It is an "appetizer." It is a "digestor." It is an "invigorator." It is a "aet-ler." It is a "night cap." Why don't they put on the right labels—"Essence of Perdition," "Conscience Stupefier," "Five Drams of Heartache," "Tears of Orphanage," "Blood of Souls," "Scabs of an Eternal Leprosy," "Venom of the Worm That Never Dies?" Only once in a while is there anything in the title of liquors to even hint their atrocity, as in the case of "sour mash." That I see advertised all over. It is an honest name, and any one can understand it. "Sour mash!" That is, it makes a man's disposition sour, and his associations sour and his prospects sour; and then it is good to mash his body, and mash his soul, and mash his business, and mash his family. "Sour mash!" One honest name at last for an intoxicant! But through lying labels of many of the apothecaries' shops, good people, who are only a little under tone in health, and wanting some invigoration, have unwittingly got on their tongue the fangs of this cobra, that stings to death so large a ratio of the human race.

Others are ruined by the common and all-destructive habit of treating customers. And it is a treat on their coming to town, and a treat while the bargaining progresses, and a treat when the purchase is made, and a treat as he leaves town. Others to drown their troubles, submerge themselves with this worse trouble. Oh, the world is battered and bruised and blasted with this growing evil! It is more and more entrenched and fortified. They have millions of dollars subscribed to marshal and advance the alcoholic forces. They nominate and elect and govern the vast majority of the officeholders of the country. On their side the have enlisted the mightiest political power of the centuries. And behind them stand all the myrmidons of the nether world, Satanie, Apollyonie and Diabolie. It is beyond all human effort to overthrow this Bastille of decanters or capture this Gibraltar of rum jugs. And while I approve of all human agencies of reform, I would utterly despair if we had nothing else. But what cheers me is that our best troops are yet to come. Our best artillery is in reserve. Our best commander has not yet fully taken the field. If all hell is on their side, all Heaven is on our side. "Now—Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered."

Then look at the impurities of these great cities. Ever and anon there are in the newspapers explosions of social life, that make the story of Sodom quite respectable; "for such things," Christ says, "were more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah" than for the Chorazins and Bethsaldas of the greater light. It is no unusual thing in our cities to see men in high positions with two or three families, or refined ladies willing solemnly to marry the very swine of society, if they be wealthy. The Bible all aflame with denunciation against an impure life, but many of the American ministry uttering not one point blank word against this iniquity, lest some old libertine throw up his church pew. Machinery organized in all the cities of the United States and Canada by which to put yearly in the grinding mill of this iniquity thousands of the unsuspecting of the country farm houses, one procuress confessing in the courts that she had supplied the infernal market with 150 victims in six months. Oh, for 500 newspapers in America to swing open the door of this lazar house of social corruption! Exposure must come before extirpation.

While the city van carries the scum of this sin from the prison to the police court morning by morning, it is full time, if we do not want high American life to become like that of the court of Louis XV., to put millionaire Lotharios and the Pompadours of your brown stone palaces into a van of popular indignation and drive them out of respectable association. What prospect of purification can there be as long as at summer watering places it is usual to see a young woman of excellent rearing stand and sip and giggle and roll up her eyes sideways before one of those first-class satyrs of fashionable life, and on the ballroom floor join him in the dance, the maternal chaparron meanwhile braming from the window or the scene? Matches are made in heaven, they say. Not such matches, for the brimstone indicates the opposite region.

The evil is overshadowing all our cities. By some these immoralities are called peccadilloes, gallantries, eccentricities, and are relegated to the realms of jocularity, and few efforts are being made against them. God bless the "White Cross" movement, as it is called—an organization making a mighty assault on this evil! God forward the tracts on this subject distributed by the religious tract societies of the land! God help parents in the great work they are doing, in trying to start their children with pure principles! God help all legislators in their attempt to prohibit this crime!

But is this all? Then it is only a question of time when the last vestige of purity and home will vanish out of sight. Human arms, human pens, human voices, human talents are not sufficient. I begin to look up. I listen for artillery rumbling down the sapphire boulevards of Heaven. I watch to see if in the morning light there be not the flash of descending scimitars. Oh, for God! Does it not seem time for

his appearance? Is it not time for all lands to cry out: "Let God arise and let His enemies be scattered?"

I got a letter asking me if I did not think the earthquake in one of our cities was not the Divine chastisement on that city for its sins. The letter I answered by saying that if all our American cities got all the punishment they deserve for their horrible impurities the earth would long ago have cracked, opening crevices transcontinental, and taken down all our cities so far under that the tips of our church spires would be 500 feet below the surface. It is of the Lord's mercies that we have not been consumed.

Not only are the affairs of this world so a-twist, a jangle and racked that there seems a need of the Divine appearance, but there is another reason. Have you not noticed that in the history of this planet God turns a leaf about every 2,000 years? God turned a leaf and this world was fitted for human residence. About 2,000 more years passed along and God turned another leaf, and it was the deluge. About 2,000 more years passed on and it was the Nativity. Almost 2,000 more years passed by, and he will probably soon turn another leaf. What it will be I can not say. It may be the demolition of all these monstrosities of terpidude, and the establishment of righteousness in all the earth. He can do it, and He will do it. I am as confident as if it were already accomplished. How easily He can do it my text suggests. It does not ask God to hurl a great thunderbolt of His power, but just to rise from the throne on which He sits. Only that will be necessary. "Let God arise!"

It will be no exertion of omnipotence. It will be no blending or bracing for a mighty lift. It will be no sending down the sky of the white horse cavalry of Heaven or rumbling war chariots. He will only rise. Now He is sitting in the majesty and ratience of His reign. He is from His throne watching the mustering of all the forces of blasphemy and drunkenness and impurity and fraud and Sabbath breaking, and when they have done their worst, and are surely organized, he will bestir himself and say: "My enemies have denied me long enough, and their cup of iniquity is full. I have given them all opportunity for repentance. This dispensation of patience is ended, and the faith of the good shall be tried no longer."

## INTERESTING ITEMS.

THE wealthiest inhabitant of Berlin has an income of \$750,000 a year.

BATS climb the orange trees in southern Italy and suck the blood oranges.

TEA is very cheap in China. In one province of the empire tea is sold at two and a half cents a pound.

THE sound of a bell which can be heard 45,000 feet through the water can be heard through the air only 450 feet.

WILLIAM MOORE, a Kentuckian, 71 years of age, has not left his bed for 63 years. He was injured by a horse when a child.

HOWARD, the well-known correspondent of the New York Herald with the Anglo-Egyptian army, was killed in the recent battle.

IT is understood that as soon as the British troops arrive from Malta the powers will make an example of the Turks who have been rioting at Candia.

THE Spanish cabinet has authorized the foreign minister to negotiate with the Philippine insurgents for the ransom of 5,000 Spanish prisoners now in the insurgents' hands.

RESIDUES destroying war material and property in the public departments, the Spaniards at San Juan are selling government property wherever they can find an opportunity.

ONE of the stations of the railway which is to be built from the Red Sea to the top of Mt. Sinai will be on the spot where it is supposed Moses stood when he received the tables of the law.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON not long ago wrote a check for \$1 upon a piece of birch bark in the mountains because he had no paper with him. The bank which cashed the check now has it framed and hanging on the wall.

OOM PAUL KRIGER, it is said, has begun to assume a little more of the pomp and ceremony of a president, and for the past three months he has had a detail of seven troopers to escort him from one government building to another.

DAVID BUSHNELL, of Saybrook, Ct., is said to have been the inventor of the first submarine torpedo boat, in 1775. It was of very primitive construction. The government declined to second Bushnell in his efforts, and his own private fortune was practically wasted on the enterprise.

Now that Hawaii has been annexed, the Queen Dowager Kapiolani is suing her two nephews for property in Honolulu worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, which she had previously deeded to them, while another report is to the effect that the ex-queen is going back to the islands to live.

THE richest mine in the world produces neither gold nor silver. It is the Calumet and Hecla copper mine, which the other day declared its 10th dividend, making an aggregate distribution of profits to the amount of \$34,850,000. The great Comstock lode and the equally famous gold mines could not compare with that.

## HUMOROUS.

Partially Reduced Scale.—"To Mrs. de Stout's new portrait full length?" "Full length, but only about two-thirds' width."—Detroit Journal.

Identified.—"So you discovered that female burglar in your house?" "Of course; she stepped on a baby's rubber doll, and thought it was a mouse."—Detroit Free Press.

A student in the city schools who has recently taken up grammar says he likes it bully, only he hasn't got so he can work the examples very good yet.—West Union Gazette.

The Sweet Things.—Maud—"When I get engaged I don't intend to have any mystery about it." Marie—"I don't see how you can help it, dear. Everyone will regard it as a mystery."—Brooklyn Life.

"What's that extra about? Contradiction that the Yale was captured?" "No; that was an hour ago. This is a contradiction of the contradiction that there had been any contradiction of the report."—Yale Record.

Hope for Him Yet.—Tenor—"When I gave my first concert four people had to be carried, fainting out of the hall." Friend—"Oh, but since that time your voice has considerably improved."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Knew What He Wanted.—Irate Parent—"Tell that young Softleigh that he must cease his visits here. I forbid him the house." Daughter—"But, papa, he doesn't want the house. It's me he's after."—Chicago Daily News.

Playwright (excitedly).—"They are calling for the author. What shall I do?" Stage Manager (who has seen the crowd).—"You'd better slip out of the stage door and make your escape while there is time."—Boston Globe.

## KEEP OPEN FOR THE CYCLISTS

There Are Roadhouses Whose Doors Are Never Closed During the Wheeling Season.

Wheeling may be on the wane, as has been asserted by many a person in and out of the trade of late, yet there are numbers of wayside roadhouses where edibles and drinkables are sold that are never closed. These establishments are kept open that the early rider or century man may not be left without means of allaying thirst or hunger. In fact, the man who investigated while making an early run the other day was surprised to note the number of such places open to all comers. He wanted to know more, so while absorbing a refreshing glass he asked the attendant at a popular South side resort if it paid.

"I cannot say that it pays," was the reply, "but if we don't keep open others will and we are forced by competition to do so. Many persons start out on long rides in the early morning, thus dodging wagons, crowds and other unpleasant features of bicycle riding, and it is to this class we cater. Then, again, our places are for the most part open and we had to employ a watchman to guard the tables, chairs and other articles which could not be stored away each night, so we concluded that it would be simpler to keep a couple of waiters and plenty of edibles on hand and serve our customers all night. Another thing is that many century runs are undertaken at night, when there can be no unpleasant interruptions, and we are always called upon to serve the participants."

"There is nothing more grateful in the early morning to a bicycle rider than a cup of hot coffee and we make a specialty of that, keeping it hot and strong all night. It also serves to tone down the reveler who has been out on his wheel all night celebrating and needs a tonic to brace up on before going home. Yes, we must keep open and we shall continue to do so until the snow falls and the bicycle is laid away to rest and rust. It is an innovation this year, but it will be a lasting one. We have a bicycle repair shop attached to this place, which is also kept open all night, and we have many calls for the services of our mechanic to repair wheels. It saves many a long walk trundling a wheel to have a 'bike shop' on the road ready to repair wheels or stop up punctures."—Chicago Chronicle.

## Heroic Work of Our Naval Midgets.

A conspicuous feature of our naval operations is the astonishing work performed by the small craft in the regular and auxiliary squadrons. In bold captures and effective fighting the pleasure yachts, tugs, revenue cutters and lighthouse tenders that were hastily converted into war craft have excited the wonder of the naval world at large. With armaments of one, three and six-pounders, and Colt and Maxim machine guns, these saucy little vessels have held their own with the ponderous cruisers and battleships. The feat of the Gloucester, formerly the pleasure yacht Corsair, in destroying the torpedo boat destroyers Pluton and Furor during Cervera's flight from Santiago de Cuba, was one of the most remarkable in naval annals. The Eagle, Hawk, Mangrove and other small craft have deeds to their credit of corresponding importance. The great utility of these naval midgets has been demonstrated under most acute and thrilling circumstances.—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.



## WOLFE COUNTY.

### TOLIVER TOPICS.

Mrs. Anthony Lowe is on the sick list. News Hall and Lan McNabb are on the sick list.

Aunt Polly Ross fell the other day and hurt her arm.

Jeff Toliver, of Glencairn, was in Toliver last week.

J. T. Sexton, of Maytown, was in Toliver Saturday.

The posts are being put up from Maytown to Hazel Green for the telephone.

Banford Mannin will enter college at Berea, December 28. He will take with him some four or five students.

Riley Coldiron and wife, accompanied by their accomplished daughter, of Laurel, have been visiting friends and relatives in Toliver for a few days.

Last Thursday morning as your scribe was on his way to school he heard a young lady of Toliver use the following language in song, that would have made the prodigal weep had he heard it:

"My sweetheart that's gone,  
I miss him in the orchard,  
Where the fruit is turning over,  
I miss him in the meadow;  
Where the air is sweet with clover."  
Oct. 3. SWINER.

### CAMPTON CURRENCY.

B. F. Thomas went to West Liberty Saturday.

Mrs. Lela Little, of Elkatawa, is visiting relatives here.

Henry M. Sword and his father returned home last week from Virginia.

Miss Lizzie Lykins, of No. 327 Locust street, Duffville, was in town Saturday.

Kelley Fuls and Frank Stamper were elected school trustees in this district Saturday.

James Duff, of Lee county, Virginia, is visiting his brother, W. B. Duff, near this place.

Rev. H. O. Moore, the new pastor of the M. E. church, south, arrived here Saturday night.

Joe B. Cox, of the Second Kentucky infantry, is at home on 30 days' furlough prior to being mustered out.

Mrs. Rosa Collier has just returned from Breathitt and Perry counties, where she has been visiting relatives.

Samuel Ferree, of the Third Kentucky volunteer infantry, now in camp at Lexington, is at home on 30 days' furlough.

James E. Faulkner, of Co. K First Kentucky volunteer infantry, arrived home Saturday night on 30 days' sick furlough.

J. T. Williams, of the Fourth Kentucky volunteer infantry, now at Anniston, Ala., writes me that he is getting along all right.

At the recent term of the Wolfe circuit court Noah Creech was sentenced to the penitentiary for one year for seduction, and Henry Sexton was sent up for three years for bigamy.

John D. Kincaid's store, near Torrent, was burglarized on last Monday night, and last night Deputy Sheriff C. C. and T. B. Hanks, in company with Mr. Kincaid, arrested one Mr. Stuart, near the L. & E. railroad on suspicion, and lodged him in jail at this place.

As the days pass by into the dead and funeral past, T. Y. Fitzpatrick's prospects for reelection to congress grow brighter and still brighter. The horny-handed sons of toil are all for him and will rally around his standard until victory perches upon his banner.

Oct. 2. SUPPLE JACK.

### Coughed 25 Years.

I suffered for 25 years with a cough, and spent hundreds of dollars with doctors and for medicine to no avail until I used Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey. This remedy makes weak lungs strong. It has saved my life.—J. B. Rossell, Grantsburg, Ill.

## MORGAN COUNTY.

### CONSOLATION CHAT.

Revs. Lee and J. R. Word were guests of O. W. Cecil Sunday.

C. C. Long and H. H. Blankenship were visiting at Salem Sunday.

Miss Bonnie Cecil caught the largest rat Sunday I ever saw, but it got away.

Dr. W. L. Gevedon will preach at Consolation Saturday and Sunday at the usual hours.

Our school election Saturday passed off quietly, there being only one trustee and three patrons present.

"Granny" Barker, as she was best known, died Saturday at her home on Lacy creek, and was buried in S. M. Tyler's graveyard.

Elders Adams and DeBusk closed a 10 days' meeting at the Caskey school-house Sunday night with four additions—two by baptism and two by reclamation. Much interest was manifested and the best of order prevailed throughout the services.

Misses Maggie Rose and Clara Miller, two of the fairest flowers of Lacy creek, were visiting relatives and friends in this vicinity Saturday and Sunday, and Miss Maggie gave us some of the finest music we ever listened to. She is a natural organist.

Oct. 5. THE DRAKE.

Married, at the residence of the bride's father, Alex Rose, on Sunday, the 2nd inst., Harry Falen and Miss Martha Rose. Elder H. H. Little officiated.

## MUST PAUSE

And Think It Over Before Annexing the Philippines.

Hon. Tom Fitzpatrick, Democratic congressman from the Tenth district, was in the city Friday attending the meeting of the Democratic State Central committee. When asked his views on territorial expansion by a reporter for the Morning Herald, Mr. Fitzpatrick said that he did not prefer to speak for publication on that subject, but thought that the matter should be deliberated on at length before a final conclusion was arrived at, or, to use his exact words, "We will have to put ice on our heads, keep cool and think a long time as to keeping the Philippines."

Mr. Fitzpatrick said that he is at a loss to know what they will do with us, not what we will do with them if they are retained.—Lexington Herald, Oct. 1.

### Three Doctors in Consultation.

From Benjamin Franklin.

"When you are sick, what you like best is to be chosen for a medicine in the first place; what experience tells you is best, to be chosen in the second place; what reason (i. e., Theory) says is best to be chosen in the last place. But if you can get Dr. Inclination, Dr. Experience and Dr. Reason to hold a consultation together, they will give you the best advice that can be taken."

When you have a bad cold Dr. Inclination would recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy because it is pleasant and safe to take. Dr. Experience would recommend it because it never fails to effect a speedy and permanent cure. Dr. Reason would recommend it because it is prepared on scientific principles, and acts on nature's plan in relieving the lungs, opening the secretions and restoring the system to a natural and healthy condition. For sale by J. Taylor Day.

### Mrs. Fanny Craven.

On September 1st it pleased the Lord to call up higher Mrs. Fanny Craven, wife of John W. Craven, of Rothwell. Mrs. Craven was a member of the Christian church at this place, and lived a consistent christian life. She was a good wife, a loving mother and kind neighbor. Our loss is surely her eternal gain, and we sorrow not as those who have no hope. To the bereaved husband and children we can only say she hath only gone on before, and will welcome you there. She is at rest in the Father's house, where there are many mansions. You must look unto Jesus, who will strengthen you. Look, behind the cloud the sun is still shining. Oh, death, where is thy sting? Oh, death, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Wm. H. Cord.

Hazel Green, Ky.

### Cincinnati Live Stock Market.

The Cincinnati Live Stock Record, of Friday, gives the following as the best prices for that day:

No choice cattle on the market today.  
Top price for those on sale, \$4.85.  
Top price for calves, \$7.50.  
Top price of light hogs, \$3.95; heavy, \$3.90.  
Best sheep brought \$4.00.  
Best lambs brought \$5.50.

The above were actual sales, but it should be borne in mind that they represent the best of their class on the market that day. THE HERALD will each week give the best sales of the Friday before, which is alone worth the price of the paper. NOW is the time to subscribe.

### Gillmore Gleanings.

"Uncle Remus," writing from Gillmore, says: "The funeral of Rev. J. P. Ely will be preached the third Sunday in this month at this place by Revs. Haulsey and McQuinn. All friends and relatives are invited. Robt. Back, wife and sister, of Quicksand, are visiting relatives and friends in this vicinity. J. F. Ely is suffering with something like a tumor in the throat. N. B. Graham is preparing to move to Hazel Green to school his children."

### Take Notice.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:  
I, Clay Rose, will not be responsible for any trade that Asa Rose, my son, may make, or act, or any business transaction that he may enter into. And, further, that I exercise no jurisdiction over any property that he owns or has in any way.

Given under my hand this Sept. 24, 1898.  
CLAY ROSE.

Miss Minnie Day was so ill Sunday night that she had to have a doctor, and on Monday morning Miss Laura Rawlings accompanied her to Maytown to assist her with her school duties.

Secretary Pieratt, of the Hazel Green Fair, returned Tuesday night from Torrent, and says the outlook for fine sport and a big crowd at the fair is flattering.

# The Ninth Annual Exhibition OF THE HAZEL GREEN FAIR

Will be held on its Grounds at Hazel Green, Ky.,

Oct. 11th, 12th, 13th & 14th, 1898.

For further particulars address the secretary.

J. TAYLOR DAY, President.

W. H. PIERATT, Secretary.

**WAGES OF SIN**  
A Book for Young and Old.

OUR RECORD  
Est'd 1878  
250,000  
DISEASED  
MEN  
CURED

WE CURE  
NERVOUS  
BLOOD  
SKIN &  
PRIVATE  
DISEASES

**250,000 CURED**  
YOUNG MAN

Have you sinned against nature when ignorant of the terrible crime you were committing? Did you only consider the fascinating allurements of this evil habit? When too late to avoid the terrible results, were your eyes opened to your peril? Did you later on in manhood contract any PRIVATE or BLOOD disease? Were you cured? Do you now and then see some alarming symptoms? Dare you marry in your present condition? You know, "LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON." If married, are you constantly living in dread? Is marriage a failure with you on account of any weakness caused by early abuse or later excesses? Have you been drugged with mercury? This booklet will point out to you the results of these crimes and point out how our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will positively cure you. It shows how thousands have been saved by our NEW TREATMENT. It proves how we can GUARANTEE TO CURE ANY CURABLE CASE OR NO PAY. We treat and cure—EMISSIONS, VARICOCELE, SYPHILIS, GLEET, STRICTURE, IMPOTENCY, SECRETS, UNNATURAL DISCHARGES, KIDNEY and BLADDER diseases.

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"The Wages of Sin" sent free by enclosing 2c stamp. CONSULTATION FREE. Unable to call, write for QUESTION BLANK for HOME TREATMENT.

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122 W. FOURTH STREET,  
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## FOR SALE

Desiring to close out my business at this place, I offer for sale all of my

Blacksmith, Carriage and Wood-Workers' Tools,

consisting of the latest models. Also, Material and Supplies, a great variety and the best quality. Also,—

Two Saddle and Harness Horses, GOOD ONES, aged 5 and 6 years, and perfectly safe for any one to drive. One First-class Buggy and Harness, HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, &c.

Parties in need of any of the above, can secure bargains by calling on JOHN H. ROSE, Hazel Green, Ky.

## MR. GRIM-INE

A positive and permanent cure for MR-GRIM (half-Headache) and all other forms of Headache or Neuralgia.

**Headache Cured Free**

by sample mailed you if this paper is mentioned. The more profusely headaches are relieved the less frequent will be their return until permanently cured. Sold by all druggists. 50 CENTS A BOX

The Dr. Whitehall Med. Co.  
SOUTH BEND, IND.

W. G. LOCKHART,

DENTIST,

EZEL, KY.

Teeth extracted without pain. Gold fillings a specialty. Will be at Hazel Green Monday, Oct. 24, and remain one week. Charges reasonable.

## JOB PRINTING.

ENVELOPES,  
NOTEHEADS,  
BILLHEADS,  
LETTERHEADS,  
SALE-BILLS,  
PROGRAMS,  
CIRCULARS,  
CATALOGS,  
MINUTES,  
&c., &c.

We have Three Fast Presses, a Power Paper Cutter, and 40 Years' Experience enables us to Court Comparison and Defy Competition. When you want PRINTING come and see us.

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SPENCER COOPER.

They banish pain  
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GIVES  
RELIEF.



# RIPAN'S

No matter what the matter is, one will do you good, and you can get ten for five cents.

A new style packet containing TEN RIPAN'S TABLETS in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—FOR FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (30 tablets) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPAN'S CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 30 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (10 tablets) will be sent for five cents. Best medicine ever made since the world was created.